Gladys Dodd

SYNOPSIS OF PROPOSED BOOK

If Americans love the history of the United States, as Gore Vidal suggests, they might enjoy learning about their religious heritage, an area often overlooked or distorted by humanist historians.

The purpose of my work is to

(1. provide a history of "little" people socially, religiously, and economically, as well as politically, using branches of my own family tree as a backdrop to the larger history.
(2. dispel some myths commonly held by the historically uninformed
(3. bring alive the forebears, weeping with them in their misfortunes, laughing with them, and sometimes, at them with their foibles, and rejoicing and worshipping with them.

This work is a narrative reconstruction of my people, and the places and the events of their times, 1630 - 1795. It became increasingly apparent to me as research progressed over time, that a re-creation of their religious heritage was necessary. Indeed, it has come to dominate the narrative for the colonial period, both in New England and the Middle Colonies.

The scope of the original project was to tell the personal history of these 17th, 18th and 19th century people, 1630 - 1900. The work has already grown rather voluminous, in actuality and in potential, that for publishing purposes I feel obliged to end this phase of the story about the end of the American Revolution.

The outline then is as follows, with indications of length and progress toward completion duly noted:

I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS:
The Gilletts, the "Geneva Bible" People

A. In England
1. At the Chaffcombe parsonage
2. Among the Devonshire yeomanry

B. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony
1. The Dorchester settlement as a new Zion
2. Conflict with the Boston oligarchy

C. In the Connecticut Valley
1. Saints in Settlement at Windsor
2. Saints in Conflict with Indians, and among themselves
3. The Great Awakening
a. Jersey Dutch revivalism
b. Edwardian revivalism

(All the above has been researched and writing completed; 200 pages.)

D. In Bucks County, Pennsylvania
Rev. William Thomas, lay preacher, Welsh Baptists

(Research has only begun; pedigree skeleton completed; needs to be flesh out, although adequate sources may be wanting here). P.S. Work completed 2011.

II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS:
"The Flying Angel", and the "Coleslaw" People

A. The Colonial Dutch Reformed of Ulster County, New York

(Research and writing completed; 225 pages)

B. The Colonial Quakers
The Cornells, a "Peculiar People".

(Research in its initial stages).

III. BRITISH CHAINS: FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD
The "Yankee Doodle" Patriots: - Privates Gillett, Burr, Van de Mark, Coddington, Tippie, Thomas, Watson, Goldsberry.

(Much research completed, and some writing accomplished).

**** **** **** **** THE END **** **** **** ****

(The original project was to include:
IV. Settlers of the Old West: the "Hog and Hominy Grit" People (largely completed).
V. The Republic of Texas: The Austins; Freeman Thomas massacre by Apache chieftain Cochise . (The Thomas story has been researched.) completed 2011
VI. Homesteaders: the 6 1/2 yr. "guerrilla" war over slavery in "bleeding Kansas", completed; 190 pages)
VII. The "Hardtack Boys" in Blue (research nearly completed; partially written).

Gladys Dodd (1923-)

PREFACE pgs 1-7; A Personal Reference

There is ~~revelation~~ Something in a name.

My name is Gladys, which dates me. It means that I am over the hill. Way over.

More specifically I am Gladys[11] (Chloe,[10] Wilson,[9] Freeman,[8] Homer,[7] Amasa,[6] Joseph,[5] Joseph,[4] Benjamin,[3] John,[2] Jonathan[1] Gillett). Those familiar with genealogy know by the little digits in the parentheses that we have been American for a great while. We have, ~~385~~ years, in fact.

No, not the Mayflower; we missed that by 10 years, and Plymouth Plantation by ~~35~~ 55 miles. Capt. Squeb's great ship, the Mary and John, did not actually miss the Charles River, ~~the~~ destination, ~~Hexxxx

Or under mouldering gravestones.

within 3 years of the other at that place, both old men. They had been neighbors nearly ½ a century. But a Bygod in a Puritan colony! Is this blasphemy, or what? Imagine Puritan Jonathan standing in his turnip patch and halloing to Goodman Eglestone, "Good day, Bygod!" It is probably apocraphal, but the story is that Bygod was his name.

By 1865 Bygod had 16,000 certified descendants from his 10 children. It can be assumed Jonathan Gillett had an equal number from his 10. It is therefore obvious that no one descendant should feel especially possessive of a family tree. It has been calculated that fully 50% of the Americans in 1830 were descended from the 20,000 Puritans of the Great Migration. Half of the 13,000,000 of the U.S. population at that time! Puritan in blood as well as 1830

= If your entrance, ~~descendation~~, to this country predates this, this story I tell is your story as well. I simply bothered to look it up, between the lines of a history text. Texts are skimpy and boring. I should know for I taught history in a public high school for 24 years.

It is popular today for radio evangelicals who earnestly desire to return to the basics of our founding forefathers to lament the watering down of the American history textbook. They want history to be re-written from the religious point of view.

It is true as charged that some standard U.S. history texts do not mention the Pilgrims sacred to thanksgiving and ~~our~~ Am. origins. I had one of these books in my personal library. What a travesty!

Then I sent to Florida for a history highly recommended for Christian schools written from the Christian perspective. The chapter ~~on~~ about the spiritual foundations of America had much to say ~~on~~ about both the Pilgrims and Puritans, all in a positive light.

What I noted however was ~~that it never mentioned~~ the absence of our colonial forefathers' [the Puritan's] ruthless slaughter of Pequots in 1637 in the Conn. Valley (which engaged the vigorous use of the halberd, cutlass and musketry by some in my family tree)

within 3 years of the other at that place, both old men. They

Nor did it mention the persecution of the Quakers in the Mass. Bay Colony. Their text simply stated that the Quakers and Puritans "disagreed" on some points. Indeed!

~~I should say So!~~ This "disagreement" led to Puritans slamming Quakers in the stocks, boring their tongues through with hot irons (thus effectively silencing their brand of gospel of the "Inner Light"), and if that were not quite enough, dragging them to death tied to the tailgate of a cart and lashing the ponies into a dead run.

And this is to mention only the P's and the Q's! Both secular (now called humanist) and religious texts are ~~concerned~~ biased!

Another fallacy held by all Americans of whatever is supposed to be ~~dear~~ cherished is that our forebears lived in "the good old days" when life was simple. Life was never simple and serene as a little digging into family lore will readily reveal. There have always been natural disasters and governmental woes to contend with; personal tragedies, some in the form of black genes - the defective genes that run like threads of washable dyes that bleed and stain even lily-white descendants.

Delve, and see.

The pedigree charts with lines going sideways like a ~~fallen~~ tipped over ~~down~~ Jacob's ladder containing ancestoral names and meaningless dates leave me empty. These are only skeletons that need shaken up like Ezekiel's valley of dry bones to give them some life. I have found this "life" in yellowed pages, and probated wills, and the census ~~by decades~~ + other records, to say nothing of the treasures to be located in the dank vaults of archives. I read them and weep. I read them and laugh. But I do not stare at these names on the ~~vertical~~ rungs of the pedigree ladder any more with no feeling.

Sometimes a line or even a word reveals a wealth of emotion. In reading from Col. Records of Conn. 1636-1665 the exact wording of the oath of office Jonathan Gillett uttered upon becoming constable of Windsor in 1656, I felt his fear. The oath began "I doe sweare by the greate and dreadfull name of the euerliueing God . . ."

This "dreadfull God" was one of the major reasons the Puritans took ship with families, provender, livestock and Geneva Bibles to come to the New World. The Puritan dream of the 17th c. was to build the city of God on this empty contiment as they perceived it. But many a less altruistic Puritan ~~left~~ fled Merrie England to save his righteous self from the impending wrath of ~~and~~ Almighty God, about to befall dear England as retribution for its folly and sins. Sins of Sabbath sports played on village greens, of extravagent dress in great starched collars, of lewd theaters, of Popish practices retained in Anglican ritual, of horoscopes and books on how to make pact with the devil.

Little wonder Jonathan promised to "faythfully execute the office and place of a Constable . . . so helpe me God". He ~~had~~ was duty bound, to help Windsor to escape the wrath of an offended God by spying on and reporting to prosecuters ~~of~~ the evil doings of his neighbors to stay the whetted sword of the great Avenger.

It was a thankless task being constable. As Moses had made no provision for constables, it remained for the freeman of the town to appoint annually 2 of their number to serve in this unpopular capacity. ~~No one wanted to serve more than one year~~ Few wanted to serve twice in that unenviable postion, not even a Puritan.

My friends have broadly hinted at my own Puritan bent. It has been noted I fail to ~~do not even~~ appreciate, even the off-color story.

I early became a person of "religious conviction", almost with Puritan fervor, altho at the time I knew nothing of Puritans except ~~on~~ what certain pages ~~of~~ in the beginning a dull textbook, Saul. Holding to pacifistic views during World War II (certainly not in line ~~of~~ with Puritan beliefs as the Pequot War + K P War will show), I worked, not on a defense job, ~~but~~ as might be expected for the times but at a factory for 85¢ an hour, cutting drapery "hardware" of pine (all metal had gone into the war effort) to support myself while attending a Bible college in California in view of becoming a missionary.

My "mission" led to a Colorado public high school where I taught Am. history from boring texts, and ~~a~~ more stimulating courses ~~I designed calle~~ in comparative religions and Sociology.

So when a bright student came to me one spring with the "religious conviction" she was unable to conscientiously compete with others in the class by taking the religion's course final exam, I understood perfectly well. The written competition for marks had something to do with her own philosophy gleaned from studies in earning the 5 karate belts she held. In fact, she even then was teaching teachers in continuing education classes the skills of the martial arts for the purpose of self-defense. That was before kids started toting guns to school. And to think I made a federal case out of chewing gum!

Being a person of religious scruples myself, what could I, a teacher with grade book in hand, say to such "conviction". I ~~have~~ see no merit ~~no faith~~ in erasing furniture blackboards, or taking 20 laps around the track to earn anything. We agreed on her lecturing on both Taoism and the native religion of the S.W. Indians in lieu of the written exam; she was somewhat knowledgeable This she faithfully did 2 or 3 years in my religions' classes for after her graduation.

It was a good exchange.

This fine student's "conviction" in her senior year reminded me of my own ~~sudden spurious~~ "conviction" in my senior yaar in Arkansas. I had been in a revival preached by Elder Ira Eisenhower when I *felt "led"* ~~suddenly decided upon~~ *to receive* water baptism by immersion. The fact that it was December 13 and the spring-fed waters of Spavinaw Creek were extremely cold daunted neither the good Elder nor his lone candidate for baptism. I came out of the water a certified Christian and a potential Republican *although my father's people had always been staunch Dems.*

The Elder's nephew was the celebrated four star General's uncle, one of 4 ministers in the family.

When General Ike threw his hat into the political ring, it suddenly became necessary to limn his religious background as Americans, long since abandoning the earlier log cabin image necesssary ~~for the~~ strong*er* candidate, ~~xxxxx~~ had not yet abandoned the necessity ~~of respect religion.~~ *endowing the Presidental timber with a respected religion.*

It was discovered to everyone's embarrassment that Eisenhower had never belonged to a church; ~~this he did only~~ *he became Presbyterian* on the morning of his first inauguaration, then promptly preceded to break precedent by praying a 63 word prayer at the inaugural ceremony which shocked the nation's liberals.

To get the conservative vote, journalists had to "research" the reglion of Eisenhower's forebears to properly present Ike to the electorate. As his parents were members of an embarrassing pacifistic sect (~~not~~ *never to be* ~~JEHOVAH~~ *WITNESSES* mentioned ~~by~~ the media), the writers *hurriedly* passed over them and went on to the uncles, grandfather and *great-*grand-father, all of whom were ~~a~~ alleged River Brethren ministers.

Or had been, as I knew. For I personally knew Elder Ira, and later met Elder Abe's widow and several of Ike's first cousins and *soon realized* ~~now~~ the obfuscation of popular reports. Some had not remained River

Brethren of Pa. Dutch origins, but had beenme conservative evangelicals circulating in my religious bailiwick.

For my thesis then (I was working toward a B.D. degree in a Kansas City Seminary, after earning 2 degrees -A.B. & M.A. at the Univ. of Ill), I chose to set the world straight on the religious background of the Eisenhowers since the press and campaign managers had made a big deal of it.

After 2 years of research and 400 typewritten pages of heavily documented data, I completed my thesis on "The Religious Background of the Eisenhower Family". The faculty voted it the most outstanding thesis of that graduating class of 63, all males except me. It was excerpted ~~at xxfxr~~ on a formal occasion, the traditional award for such recognized theses.

Copies were later requested by both the State Historical Archives in Topeka and the Eisenhower Library in Abilene. One chapter was published in the Kansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXIX, 1963.

And it all began when a doughty old German preacher, still holding to early beliefs in the decided superiority of a stream of flowing water for baptism, baptized this writer in her senior year in the dead of winter in the old swimming hole of an Ozark creek.

And that is what life is all about, one thing leading to another. And all these little strands make a story, and all the stories make a history.

Although my own family trees have provided the material laboriously researched from New England to the Southwest ~~in~~ from all kinds of records for the contents of this book, it is ~~[illegible]~~ if you have been in America long, your story as well. If you have located your family tree but can't really plant it in time and space, you may find roots here and there in this work to help you anchor it into American soil and at the same time into your own soul as well.

#

THE LITTLE PEOPLE's HISTORY OF THE USA

PURPOSE: to show history between the lines.

INSPIRATION: from Ezekial 37, loosely interpreted from various trans.

"I am set down in a valley full of bones
and lo, they are very dry.
Can these bones live?
Can I clothe them with flesh
and stretch skin over them?

There came a rattling as the bones came together,
bone joining bone;
but there was no spirit in them.
Come from the four winds, O breath,
and breathe on them.
And they came to life
and stood upon their feet.

I will raise you out of your graves, O my people."

SOME GOALS: EZE. 37:12 I will open their graves . . .

1. To provide running commentary on our ancestors historically, religiously, politically, economically, socially.

2. To dispel myths commonly held by the historically uninformed.

3. To feel with the[th] forebears - weep with them in their misfortunes, laugh with them, even at their foibles.

4. To consider family nurture vs. nature, tracing influences and even defective genes.

5. To consider the unexplained mystery of haunting the old haunts.

6. To teach history 101, loosely interpreted but not unresearched.

—I AM—
NOT A HISTORIAN
NOT A THEOLOGIAN
NOT A BIOGRAPHER
NOT A GENEALOGIST:
I AM A STORYTELLER:
AND I SET THIS STORY IN ALL THE ABOVE.
I HAVE A STORY TO TELL TO THE NATION
ABOUT ITSELF AND US.

little people
worthy but not conspicuous

MM: Despite all you've said and written about America, you're still an American and fascinated with American history. Why?

Vidal: Americans love the history of the United States. I'm living proof of that; it's how I made my living. But the media hate American history; they don't think it's box office, which isn't true. Every now and then, when they do something like public television recently did on the Civil War, it's a great success.

The media are [also] frightened that if you give real American history, you're going to kick over a hornet's nest—Lincoln wanting to colonize the slaves outside the United States. My God, I had NBC put that in their miniseries and I think that's why it's never been shown again. The historians are distorting history and the novelists are teaching it. A nice irony. ■

Gore Vidal

MM April–May 1994

THE THRUST: using the writer's family tree as a backdrop to the larger history.

I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS — the Puritan patriarchy
- A. In England
  - 1. At Chaffcombe parish
  - 2. Among Devonshire yeomanry
- B. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony
  - 1. At Dorchester
  - 2. The Boston oligarchy
- C. In the Connecticut Valley
  - 1. At Windsor
  - 2. Indian Wars
- D. The Great Awakening — William Thomas
- E. WELSH BAPTISTS

II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS — the Protestant distaff
- A. The Colonial Dutch of Ulster County, N.Y.
  - 1. The Flying Angel - Magdalen Dierks
  - 2. Dutch Reformed Church records, and maiden names
  - 3. Mothers and children - the family and social order
  - 4. The Dutch schoolmaster - Joseph Coddington
- B. The Colonial Quakers of N.Y. & Pa.
  - 1. Geographically
    - a. Mass. Bay Colony persecution, esp of women
    - b. Hudson Valley ancestors - Dorcas CORNELL
    - c. Pa.
  - 2. Quaker feminism

III. BRITISH CHAINS? FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD.
- A. ~~the Great Awakening~~
- B. Ancestors in the American Revolution
  - 1. Joseph Gillett of Ct., and his brothers
  - 2. Zebina Burr of Ct.
  - 3. Uriah Tippy of Pa.
  - 4. The Thomases of Pa., Bucks County
  - 5. Watson of Va.
  - 6. Goldsberry

IV. SETTLING THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY
- A. OHIO
- B. MICHIGAN

V. MANIFEST DESTINY
- A. Piatt County, Illinois -
- B. Southeast Iowa
- C. Eastern Kansas
- D. Texas-Apache Country

VI. FOLLOWING THE FLAG
- A. French and Indian War
- B. War of 1812
- C. Civil War
  - a. Bleeding Kansas
  - b. Yankees in Dixie

VII. TWENTIETH CENTURY
- A. Oklahoma to California
- B. The Great Depression

THE THRUST:

I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS
   A. In England
      1. At Chelmsford
      2. Among Devonshire yeomanry
   B. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony
      1. At Dorchester
      2. The Boston oligarchy
   C. In the Connecticut Valley
      1. At Windsor
      2. Indian wars

II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS
   A. The Colonial Dutchof County, N.Y.
      1. The Flying Angel - Magdalen Dirks
      2. Dutch Reformed Church records, and maiden names
      3. Mothers and children - the family and social order
      4. The Dutch schoolmaster - Joseph Coddington
   B. The Colonial Quakers
      1. Geographically
         a. Mass. Bay Colony persecution, map of women
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   A. OHIO
   B. MICHIGAN

V. MANIFEST DESTINY
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   B. Southeast Iowa
   C. Eastern Kansas
   D. Texas-Apache County

VI. FOLLOWING THE FLAG
   A. French and Indian Wars
   B. War of 1812
   C. Civil War
      a. Bleeding Kansas
      b. Yankees in Dixie

VII. TWENTIETH CENTURY
   A. Oklahoma to California
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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
ACCORDING TO A FAMILY OF NO DISTINCTION

I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS	New England Puritanism
II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS	Dutch Reformed and Quakers of the Mid-Atlantic States
III. BEARS AND FOREBEARS *HOG AND Hominy GRIT*	Frontier Life in Mid-America of the Hog and Hominy Grit Ancestors
A. The Northwest Territory	Ohio, Michigan
B. Central States	Ill., Ia., Ks., Okla.
IV. WARS AND RUMORS OF	Conflicts and Acquistions
A. French and Indian War	
B. American Revolutionary War	
C. War of 1812	
D. Tex-Apache Troubles	
E. Bleeding Kansas	
F. Civil War	
V. TWENTIETH CENTURY	

I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS
   A. The Progenitors - Puritan
      1. In the Old World
      2. In the New World
         a. Saints in Settlement
            (1. Dorchester, Mass.
            (2. Windsor, Ct.
         b. Saints in Conflict
            (1. With each other
            (2. With Indians

   B. Benjamin[3] and Joseph[4] - modified Puritanism: Congregational
      1. In new settlements
         a. Suffield - Hampshire Co. Ms. and Hartford Co., Ct.
         b. Simsbury
      2. The Great Awakening
         a. The Edwardian revivalism - 1735-36
         b. Influence of Log College itinerants
         c. "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"
         d. Schism

   C. The Thomases - Welsh Baptist.

II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

AN AMERICAN FAMILY

THE COLONISTS

The New England Puritans: the Geneva Bible People. Gillet
The Hudson River Dutch : the Coleslaw People
The Middle Colonists : the Pa. Welshe and the Jersey Weaver
T

THE PATRIOTS OF 1776

The Yankee Doodles: Gillet, Burr, Van de Mark, Goldsberry Coddington, Tippie

SETTLERS OF THE OLD WEST

The Ohio Buckeyes, the Hog and Hominy Grit People
(Dodd, Green, Grubb, Forbes, Collins, Tipton, Johnson, Cole, Goldsberry, Watson, Gillet,)
The Michigan Coddington

THE COLONISTS OF TEXAS, REPUBLIC OF

The Entrepaneur Austins
Freeman Thomas and the Apaches

HOMESTEADERS

Of Illinois Dodd, Johnson
Of Iowa Tipton, Mann
Of Kansas
"The Sprig of Hemp"- guerilla warfare and Rhodes Tipton

THE HARDTACK BOYS IN BLUE

Shiloh Grubb
Vicksburg Grubb
Andersonville Mann

PLOWS AND TOMAHAWKS

In Kansas Gillet, Mann, Grubb
In Oklahoma Dodd

From prologue in The Day Christ was Born: - J. Bishop.
reconstruction of people, places, and events; enhancing facts in a re - created context, with investigative insight.

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Of Illinois
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THE HANDTACK BOYS IN BLUE

Shiloh
Vicksburg
Andersonville

FLOWS AND TOMAHAWKS

In Kansas
In Oklahoma

Free prologue in the Day Christ was Born - J. Simpson.
Reconstruction of people, places, and events: enhancing facts in a re-
created context, with investigative insight.

GLADYS DODD: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I am Gladys[11] (Chloe[10], Wilson[9], Freeman[8], Homer,[7] Amasa[6], Joseph[5], Joseph[4], Benjamin[3], John[2], Jonathan [1] Gillett).

Those familiar with genealogy know by the little digits in the parentheses that we have been American for a great while. We have - 363 years.

I am writing our story, because it is relevant for our times, as all "family roots" accounts truly are.

The portion of this narrative from 1630 - 1795 - nearing completion is a tho roughly researched reconstruction of my people, and the places and events of their day. The stories of Jonathan[1] the Puritan progenitor through Joseph[5] the Presbyterian American Revolutionary soldier re-creates the religious heritage of most New England colonists of that time period, and dispels some myths presently held by the religious who are historically uninformed.

One fallacy held by Americans which is supposed to be cherished is that our forebears lived in the "good old days" when life was simple. Life was never simple and serene as a little digging into family lore will readily reveal. There have always been natural disasters and governmental woes to contend with; personal tragedies, some in the form of black genes - the defective genes that run like threads of washable dyes that bleed and stain even lily-white descendants.

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I read them and weep. I read them and laugh. But I do not stare at these names on the rungs of the ladder any more with no feeling.

I early became a person of religious conviction, almost with Puritan fervor, although at the time I knew nothing of Puritans except what certain pages of dull textbooks said. Holding to pacifistic views during World War II (certainly not in line with Puritan beliefs as the Pequot War and King Phillip's War will show), I worked, not on a defense job as might be expected for the times, but at a factory for 85¢ a hour to support myself while attending Pacific Bible College (now Azusa University) in view of becoming a missionary to native Americans.

My "mission" led to a Denver suburban public high school where I taught American history from boring texts, and courses in comparative religions and sociology. I retired after 55 consecutive years in the classroom, either as student or teacher, or both.

When a bright student came to me one spring with the "religious conviction" she was unable to conscientiously compete with others in the class by taking the religion's course final exam, I understood perfectly well. The written competition for marks had something to do with her own philosophy gleaned from studies in earning the 5 karate belts she held. In fact, she even then was teaching teachers in continuing education classes the skills of the martial arts for the purpose of self-defense. That was <u>before</u> kids started toting guns to school. And to think I made a federal case out of chewing gum!

Being a person of religious scruples myself, what could I, a teacher with grade book in hand, say to such "conviction"? I have no faith in punitive blackboard erasing or running 20 laps around the track to earn anything. We agreed on her lecturing on both Taoism and the native religion of the S.W. Indians (she was knowledgeable on both) in lieu of the written exam. This she faithfully did 2 or 3 years to my several annual religions' classes, <u>after</u> her graduation.

This fine student's "conviction" in her senior year reminded me of my own "conviction" in my senior year in Arkansas. I had been in a revival preached by Elder Ira Eisenhower when I felt "led" to receive water baptism by immersion. The fact that it was December 13 and the spring-fed waters of Spavinaw Creek were extremely cold daunted neither the good Elder nor his lone candidate for baptism. I came out of the water a certified Christian, and a potential Republican.

This Elder was uncle to the celebrated four star General Eisenhower, and one of four ministers in the family.

When General Ike threw his hat into the political ring, it suddenly became necessary to limn his religious background, as Americans, long since abandoning the earlier log cabin image necessary to strengthen the candidate, had not yet abandoned the necessity of endowing the Presidential timber with a "respected" religion.

It was discovered to everyone's embarrassment that Eisenhower had never belong to a church; he became Presbyterian on the morning of his first inauguration, then promptly preceded to break precedent by praying a 63 word prayer at the inaugural ceremony, which shocked the nation's liberals.

To get the conservative vote, journalists had to "research" the religion of Eisenhower's forebears to properly present Ike to the electorate. As his parents were members of an embarrassing pacifistic sect (Jehovahs' Witnesses, never to be mentioned by the media), the writers hurriedly passed over them, and dwelt on the uncles, grandfather and great-grandfather, all of whom were alleged River Brethren ministers.

Or had been, as I knew. For I personally knew Elder Ira, and later met Elder Abe's widow and several of Ike's first cousins, and soon realized the deliberate obfuscation of popular reporting. Some of the

family clergy, I learned, had not remained River Brethren of Pennsylvania Dutch origins, but had become conservative evangelicals circulating in my religious bailiwick.

For my thesis then (I was working toward a B.D. degree - later upgraded to M. Div. when nomenclature changed - from the Nazarene Theological Seminary at Kansas City, after earning 2 degrees, the A.B. and M.A. from the College of Liberal Arts at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois), I chose to set the world straight on the religious background of the Eisenhowers since the press and campaign managers had made a big deal - and misleading - of it.

After 2 years of research from Indiana to CAlifornia and 400 typewritten pages of heavily documented data, I completed my thesis On The Religious Background of the Eisenhower Family. The faculty voted it the most outstanding thesis in that class of 63, all males except me. It was subsequently excerpted on a formal occasion, the traditional award for such recognized theses.

Copies were later requested by both the State Historical Archives in Topeka, and the Eisenhower Library in Abilene; copies have been placed in each city. One chapter was published in the Kansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXIX, 1963.

And it all began when a doughty old German preacher, still holding to early beliefs in the decided superiority of a stream of flowing water for baptism, baptized this writer in her senior year in the dead of winter in the old swimming hole of an Ozark creek.

And that is what life is all about, one thing leading to another. And all these little strands make a story, and all the stories make a history.

Although my own family branches have provided the material, laboriously researched from New England to the Southwest from all kinds of records, for the contents of this proposed book, it is, if you have been in America long, your story as well. If you have located your family tree but can not really plant it in time and space, you may find roots here and there in this work to help you anchor it into American soil and at the same time into your own soul as well.

My own religious inclinations today still lean toward the pacifist. I am a regular attender of the First Denver Friends Church (evangelical Quakers). Perhaps this is due in part to my being a descendant of colonial Quakers, but more than likely my choice has been influenced by the quiet teaching of a Quaker professor of theology I had at Azusa, and the exemplary lives of fine Quaker students I taught in religions' courses in a public high school.

RELEVANT NOTES:

These 30 pages comprise the total of two lectures recently presented to a Presbyterian Sunday School class in its study of "The Religious Foundations of America". This material is selected from my research relating to an in-depth interpretation of several branches of my own colonial family tree. As all family persons mentioned here were of humble origins, their stories required patient research over a long period of time.

First lecture: "THE PURITANISM OF THE GILLETTS IN NEW ENGLAND."

Second lecture: THE INFLUENCES OF THE GREAT AWAKENING IN THE PURITAN GILLETTS, AND THE DUTCH REFORMED ROSENCRANS AND VAN DE MARK CLANS".

These lecture notes were drawn from a much larger work, much of it popularly written using a story line. The nature of the Sunday School class request determined the rather concentrated theological treatment of its content.

The lectures do serve to illustrate the significance of religion in the lives of real "little" people who influenced their times far less than they were influenced in turn by the religious and political movers and shakers of the colonial period. And herein lies a tale.

I believe my people's stories are relevant for our times, for so must we little people of today find our place in the scheme of things as we come to grips with similiar formidable influences.

Lecture – Presbyterian
Pt. 1

A STUDY IN PURITANISM

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

by Gladys Dodd

The Story of Jonathan and Mary Gillett
and of their Geneva Bible

PREFACE:

This lecture on Puritanism comes in 2 parts. If today's lesson presents a "sorry" picture, I can only report the times in which my ancestors and their fellow Puritans lived as I have found it in recorded pages.

The second lecture grows brighter. After the best plans of earnest men seemed to fail, God's Holy Spirit breathed into the Puritan world a "Great Awakening" to the repentant soul.

This lesson focuses on Jonathan and Mary Gillett. If they seem to get lost in overmuch history, not to worry, for they will reappear from time to time - with Geneva Bible in hand, but without "silken roses on their shoes".

If in this lecture I have missed the finer points of Puritanism, let it be hope that, at least, I have captured for you something of its spirit, as played out in flesh and blood of this unknown Puritan pair, as I found it in history.

Between the lines.

INTRODUCTION:

I am an 11th generation descendant of Jonathan Gillett who arrived on the first Puritan ship to anchor in Massachusetts Bay. Not the Mayflower - we missed that by 10 years, and Plymouth Rock by 30 miles. Jonathan arrived on the Mary and John, one of 140 Puritans in seach of a Zion on earth, to occupy and do as God willed.

Names in the family tree reveals our O.T. heritage - Aaron and Isaac, Jonah and Noah - not Jewish, as Bible readers might suspect, but Puritan. Which in the 17th century was not all that different, for Puritans lived close to the Mosaic Code.

If Jonathan's neighbor of 50 years, Goodman Egleston, had 16,000 certified descendants from his 10 children, By 1865, it can be safely assumed Jonathan had likewise from his 10.

It has been calculated that fully 50% of the population in 1830 (6 million Americans) was descended from the 20,000 Puritans of the Great Migration - Puritan in blood, as well as in manners and morals.

If your ancestral entrance to this country predates 1830, this story I tell is probably your story as well. I simply took time to search it out. Between the lines of a history text. Texts are sketchy and boring - and biased. I should know, for I taught history in public high schools 24 years.

It is popular today for radio evangelicals, who imagine they want to return to the basics of our founding fathers, to lament the watering down of the American history textbook. It is true as charged that some standard U.S. history texts do not mention the Pilgrims sacred to American origins. I had one of these in my personal library.

Then I sent to Florida for a highly recommended text for Christian schools, written from the Christian perspective. The chapters on the spiritual foundations of America had much to say about both the Pilgrims and Puritans. All in a positive light.

What I noted, however, was the absence of our founding father's ruthless slaughter of Indians. Nor did it mention the persecution of the Quakers in the Bay Colony. Their text simply stated that the Quakers and Puritans "disagreed" on some points.

Indeed!

This "disagreement" led to boring their tongues through, with hot irons to silence their gospel of the "Inner Light".

There ought to be MORE integrity in recounting history on both sides - by the humanists, and the religious right.

For me the skeletal names in my pedigree came to life like Ezekial's valley of dry bones, as I perused fresh and yellowed pages of more than 50 sources. Sometimes a line or even a word reveals a wealth of emotion.

In reading from The Colonial Records of Connecticut, the exact wording of the oath of office Jonathan uttered upon becoming constable of Windsor in 1665, I felt his sense of duty and fear. The oath began , "I doe sweare by the greate and dreadfull name of the everliving God . . ."

This "dreadfull God" was one of the major reasons the Puritans took ship to come to the New World. Oh, some dreamed of building a "Citty of God", as they perceived it. But some less altruistic fled Merrie England to save themselves from the impending wrath of Almight God about to fall on dear England, for its folly and sins. Sins of Sabbath breaking, of extravagent dress, of lewd theatres, of Popish practices retained in the Anglican church, of horoscopes, and books on how to make pact with the Devil.

Little wonder Jonathan promised to "faythfully execute the office and place of a Constable . . . so helpe me God". For it was his duty to help Windsor to escape the wrath of an offended Deity by spying on, and reporting to magistrates the evil doings of his neighbors, to stay the whetted sword of the great Avenger.

It was a thankless task being constable. As Moses had made no provision for constables in his government, it remained for the freemen of the town to annually appoint 2 of their number to serve in this unpopular capacity. Few wanted to serve twice, not even a Puritan! And Jonathan did not.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Seventeenth century England's first interest in Massachusetts was more in ling cod for the supper plate, than in any "holy" experiment; thus the fishing village of Salem. But the Puritan flight from James I made it more of a religious refuge, than a business venture, despite what economic historians want to write.

Three weeks before Winthrop, the Moses of this Great Migration, anchored at Salem in 1630, the Mary and John discharged her Puritans at a place they would call Dorchester, now a part of Boston. Among them was bachelor Jonathan Gillett. My other progenitor aboard this ship was Mr. Phelps. His title spoke of the lesser gentry, a landed rank to which many Puritans belonged.

Their expedition was led by Rev. John Wareham, an ordained Anglican of Oxford, who had been silenced by Bishop Laud for his Puritan views.

It had become dangerous to be Puritan in England. These held views not practiced by the Anglican Armininians, and even attended unapproved chapel services instead of the State Church of England.

Once on land, Jonathan was assigned to live with a family, for it was the Puritan way to monitor morals of all, esp. the singles.

To this end Puritans, more Hebrew in spirit than Christian as Calvin taught man's moral depravity required external controls, they made laws, perhaps more than Moses' 613. 620.

So many, that dissidents fell out with the established church in Boston, notably Roger Williams who protested the notion that Church and State were one and the same. And that other heretic Anne Hutchinson, who questioned the clergy's ability to determine who and who was not among the "elect".

Both were banished. While in Boston, Jonathan probably knew them both, and certainly that other famous dissident, Rev. Thos. Hooker.

But before he joined the Hooker connection, Jonathan went back to England, but soon returned with Rev. Warham's niece, MARY as bride, and a Geneva Bible, Calvin's translation. His particular edition of 1599 had escaped confiscation and burning by Bishop Laud. And as for the King James' Version, it did not sit well with the Puritans; after all, they were fleeing from James I!

Dissidents Hooker and Warham took their congregations 100 wilderness miles to the Connecitut River where they set out to establish a new Zion MUCH LIKE BOSTON'S!- Their river towns hoped to build a New Jerusalem, on the N.T. form of church government. From this notion of congregationalism evolved the town meeting, as it was believed a righteous laity had no need of Pope or bishop, or any authority higher than the Bible.

With these tools these Puritans hoped to perfect a Christian society, here and now in this howling wilderness.

Laws of this Puritan State were enacted to support all that the church aimed to perfect. Thus Church and State were one, a kind of theocracy after the manner of Moses.

And this State would find its guidelines in the Mosaic Code. With one important addition - the governed should be governed by the consent of the governed. This did not mean "democracy", as we know it; as Wintrop testily remarked, Democracy did not exist in Israel. Rev. John Cotton believed that democracy was not fit to govern either Chruch or State. In Connecticut, Hooker came to disagree. Somewhat.

Of course the governed, like Jonathan and Mary, being naturally sinful, must be put into godly shape by the church and ordained clergy, like Rev. Uncle Warham and, REV. Hooker. With or without the consent of the governed. Jonathan had discovered that the New Jerusalem was not in the Bay Colony after all; perhaps in Windsor . . . He got permission to leave.

Before Jonathan and Mary left the Bay Colony about the time their twins were born, they were admitted to the Dorchester church congregation in full communion. After a satisfactory public testimony of their conversion experience in regeneration. And a show of hands by the, APPROVING brotherhood.

Now visible Saints, they demonstrated their election by their godly walk - meaning conformity to Puritan rules in every detail.

They fervently believed, though probably did not fully understand, the cardinal tenets of Puritan theology, which (1. believed in original sin, human depravity, and the irrestible grace of God; (2. the greatly stressed-sovereignity of God; (3. that the Bible was the ultimate authority, that God's will could be discerned only through it, and that it was to be interpreted only by certified clergy; thus personal revelation was anathema, as Anne Hutchinson and any Quaker should have known.

They also believed that a people, a nation, should have a covenant with God - to keep His laws, and God in turn would bless them -

early equivalent of today's gospel of health and wealth. SCORE W/GOD—GET MORE,
PERHAPS THE TARNISHED SEED IN THE RELIGIOUS ZEALOT.

Thus, the Commonwealth - a civil state whose laws were supported by the collective power of the clergy - like Rev. Uncle and other divines - whose power alone could not carry out the contract without the force of government. Church members were to elect their rulers, and submit to them, lest they be in rebellion against God. Quakers, for example, would not submit to them in every detail; thus, they were seen as anarchists.

In the Bay Colony, Jonathan took the oath of freeman, for church membership and only this granted him the right to vote for his rulers. The franchise, of course, never applied to Mary, also a church member.

In Connecticut to which Jonathan led his growing family, the law was to liberate the franchise. Somewhat. The Fundamental Orders here said any freeman, churched or not, could vote. This landmark in American democracy became the basis of the U.S. Constitution to come 144 years later. But even here, upon taking oath, the freeman swore to uphold orthodoxy, and the belief in the Trinity, and to swear that he was not atheist, Quaker or Jew.

Here in Connecticut, transplanted Englishmen made laws similar to those of "deare England" - hanging for witches, buggers and murderers; jail for debtors; public flogging for any number of offenses. For Puritans had not clattered down the gangplank in buckled shoes to kiss the soil and thus become American. They remained Englishmen - pease porridge hot, and all.

The Fundamental Orders imposed stiff penalties for harboring heretics in the home. Laws banned the wearing of "silken roses on the leathern shoes". Since my people of Windsor were simple yeomen dunging rye fields, this "blue law" may not have pained them overmuch, as it did the more elegant Puritan grandees, for worldliness and pride had now begun to creep in.

Private emotional pain to this worthy ancestor Jonathan was less harsh to bear than the public humiliation of stock and whipping post. And with solemn righteousness he and his fellow citizens erected these instruments of cruelty. In front of the meetinghouse-on the village green-to be used against offenders.

It was death for sodomy, even if it meant the parson's stepson. And it did. For Rev. Uncle preached, as all the other divines, that the sodomite must be put to death.

Although Puritans were careful to vigorously apply execution to selected Mosaic abominations, it conveniently disregarded others,

But buggery in Windsor! So they condemned Rev. Uncle's stepson, and hanged him from a gallows. The bugger was 18; his name was John. Nevermore did the family mention his name-again.

Jonathan was not constable that year; his appointment came later. As constable he was obliged to see that all punishment was properly carried out.

One local couple was punished for contempt and battery. The man lost his franchise. His wife having no precious franchise to strip away was stripped of her clothes; the lashes laid on her naked body.

Fornication was punishable by fine or public flogging. Or prohibition to ever marry at all! This latter threat should have dampened the fiercest ardor of young Romeos and Juliets, but failed to discourage ~~overmuch~~ the pair hauled into court for bastardy.

The offending lover paid the girls' parents a goodly sum, after which his cheek was branded with a hot iron. The Court further mandated that one of my ancestors — not Jonathan but the magistrate Mr. Phelps — see to it that some form of punishment was inflicted upon the girl, for concealing her embarassing condition so long. The couple, now properly humiliated, was court ordered to marry.

One of Jonathan's constable duties was to report all Sabbath breakers to the magistrates - those who picked apples, or shaved, or cooked victuals on the Lord's Day. It was his duty to snoop. And to report those who did not attend Sabbath worship for their punishment.

These cruel punishments by today's standards were not peculair to the New England Puritans, of course. Similar measures were a way of life in Europe as well, in this same time period.

But these towers of cruelty were to crumble and fail, like the tower of Babel, leaving the Puritans confounded and humbled by unconquerable wickedness, which only a Great Awakening would spiritually remedy - however short lived - as we shall see. And Rev. Uncle's great-grandson would be one of the mortal moving forces in this unfolding drama - Jonathan Edwards.

We now come to the concern that our Puritan fathers had for their children, and wives.

Perhaps few were as lenient in family discipline as Cotton Mather, pastor of Boston's North Church. He spent an hour every day with his young ones. He did not believe in the use of the rod; he gave or withheld a sweetmeat for reward or punishment.

He was also ahead of his time in educating his offspring. He equipped the nursery for reading and writing, heard his children's catechism on Mondays, and read their written prayers. On Saturday he took each into his study to talk and pray with each alone. He allowed his children to choose their own studies, encouraging one daughter to study medicine, as he had done at Harvard where his father was President.

Cotton himself was a remarkable scholar, learned in 7 languages. As writer he defended the Copernican theory, and offered the first colonial explanation of Newton's theory of physics. He published hundreds of books on many subjects, leading to his membership in the Royal Society.

But he did not succeed with all his children. His keenest disappointment was in his son Cresy. One may read in Mather's diary of this father's anguish.

When the profligate lad was 18, he cried out, "Oh my God, what shall I do? I will not yett utterly cast off the wretched child . . . There may be yett unknown Reserves of Mercy".

But he did cast Cresy out of the parsonage, in hopes his reverend grandfather might have better success in his pious upbringing. Then he penned, "Lord, tho' I am a Dog, yett cast out the Devil that has possession . . . (of) my ungodly hard hearted son . . ."

Upon learning that prodigal Cresy had perished at sea enroute to Barbados, he lamented as King David had over the rebellious Absalom: "Ah! My son, my son, is lost, is dead, is gone!"

Perhaps this anguished lament serves to illustrate the keenest of many Puritan dilemmas; - the Puritan believed, on one hand, that the sinner was utterly helpless to do anything to save himself, and would be utterly rejected by Christ, unless he was born of God. yet, on the other hand, even before this same sinner issued from his mother's womb, God had from eternity already foreordained his salvation by election.

This paradox affected Puritans differently. Some agonized over the uncertainity of their election. Others felt secure, as divinely destined to a glorious eternity with God.

Under Connecticut's "blue" laws, rebellious children were assigned to stern guardians who could and would control them, if parents

could not; this meant boys until the age of 21, girls until 18.

The same Code provided for schools. The Connecticut preamble began:"It being one chief project of that old deluder Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures . . . it is therefore ordered by this Court . . . to teach all children . . . to write and read . . .". There you have it!— to keep ~~them~~ the lads one step ahead of the Devil, by arming them with the sword of the Lord.

So the Gillett children learned their letters at the cottage school of Mr. Branker, who held a M.A. from Oxford, as most early divines and their associates had lettered at Oxford or Cambridge before coming to America. These earnestly promoted education here, both grammar and collegiate. Harvard was established to educate the clergy, as was Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth to come a little later.

Lying was a "foule and gross sin". All convicted liars 14 and up received a ~~half dozen~~ six stripes. At the public whipping post on the village green. On Wednesday, after the regular midday church lecture. When a sizeable assembly was about,to witness the humiliation.

Younger children received their stripes privately, by parents, in the presence of two witnesses . If the home failed to cooperate, the town constable obliged.

The fact that Jonathan's one wife Mary lived to be 78 was testimony to her good health, and endurance in childbearing. Many Puritans, as did Cotton, had two or three wives due to the uncertainties of bearing children, one every other year. A woman's limit was 9 or 10 babies, if she did not die in childbed before.

Here in Windsor, as in other New England towns, nearly 60% of the church memberships consisted of powerless females despite early childbed deaths.

And the perils of childbearing may have been one of the very reasons, for the frequency of being brought to childbed increased her anxieties about death and eternity. A preoccupation which Mather saw as the curse "which the Female Sex is doom'd unto, (but) God Sanctifies the Chains, the Pains, the Deaths . . . ."

A Puritan marriage was a civil contract, not church sacrament, or covenant. A civil authority, a JP, performed the ceremony; thus magistrate Mr. Phelps could marry a couple, but Rev. Uncle could not.

Seating in the meeting house then was segregated, for mingling of sexes in the pews during prayer and sermon was considered distracting for worshippers.

The wife was viewed as a helpmeet from Adam's rib, an equal as it were, although the husband clearly was to govern her.

Puritan divines often preached long sermons on redemption as a marriage to Christ, comparing it to the civil contract: "As wives submit to man, so man submits to God." Females by nature seemed better suited as the "bride of Christ", as they could easily identify with obedience to Christ; males had trouble with this, as it required a reversal of his dominant role.

Also men seemed less inclined to take on the virtues of meekness and patience, and subjection in spiritual dependence to the local shepherd like Rev. Uncle. This anti-clerical disposition manifested by males led to many religious schisms, and is thought to have been a contributing factor in the rising political revolt in the American Revolution as well.

But one of the Windsor females who held her own with the clergy was Rev. Uncle's clever daughter, Cousin Hester. Not shy or uncertain as her melancholy father, she matched wits and knowledge with the divines of the day, for she married one of the Mathers, and later Dr. Stoddard.

Sixty years mistress of the Northampton manse, she died at 96, and her grandson Jonathan Edwards preached her funeral.

Mary Gillett's own longevity was, in part, testimony that she had escaped the onus of witch suspicion. Childbearing every other year consumed a mother's reserves, causing some to act a little out of mind, like talking to herself in the turnip patch with none to hear but the village gossip who would report her talking to "Ye Devil", — who else? And a prudent housewife would not mention anything black seen by candlelight, or that worms got into a live hen's gizzard.

But it remained for poor Alse down the street in Windsor to be the first in all New England to be executed for witchcraft. Nor was poor Alse the last, for seven years later Lydia Gilbert was charged with having "killed the body" of Henry Stiles, although every militiaman on drill had witnessed that the Allyn boy accidentally discharged his musket into Stiles. But it was Lydia, not the Allyn boy, who went to the gallows, for somehow casting a spell.

Salem women in the Bay Colony suffered a similar fate, for 19 were hanged, after conviction by the Courts. This sordid tale need not be related here, except to mention that the Salem trials involved fewer witches than in similar trials in Europe about the same time.

It is probably true that Mather's publication stimulated the witchcraft hysteria, and that both Mathers lent support to the delusion. At first. Historians like to blame them, but fail to mention that these same divines, somewhat tardily, assumed the responsibility for calling a halt to their reign of terror.

Nor do they mention the fact that Judge Sewall of the Court publicly repented his role in the trials, that he wrote his confession and stood in humiliation before the South Church congregation while it was being read. Or that thereafter that he annually

observed a personal day of humiliation and prayer, for God's forgiveness for his part in the witch scourge.

During the 17 years that Jonathan Gillett served as juror in Windsor judging his fellowman, a kind of righteous judgement befell him, or so it was believed by those who held that Indian troubles was punishment from an offended God. He lost two sons in King Phillip's War. Missionary John Eliot had 4000 "praying Indians" when that war broke out in 1675.

From the beginning Gov. Winthrop thought it a good thing to bring the Indian into the Kingdom of God, but Puritans found it easier to usher the natives into Kingdom Come, with musket and with fire.

King Phillip, whose father Massasoit helped save the Plymouth Pilgrims with gifts of seafood and corn, was now the new chief. He noted that Puritans outnumbered Indians in his tribal lands. He organized armed resistance.

Clergy called for a Solemn Day of Public Prayer and Humiliation. What sins had brought down the Lord's wrath? New England searched its conscience. Was it shuffleboard and dancing? Was it men wearing wigs of women's hair?

Despite a round of repentance, Indian reprisals continued. A son of Jonathan's was cut down by the tomahawk, his grandchildren carried away into captivity.

Morals were even more rigidly enforced, but within 3 years King Phillip had destroyed one-half of the English towns, and one of every 16 white males. In defense Puritans continued to fire wigwams, burning whole families alive. Even Cotton Mather reported that 600 Indians were "terribly barbequed".

In the end King Phillip lost his head; and a son of Jonathan's lost his as well. Poor ambushed Joseph's head was buried with his body at Deerfield. As for King Phillip - his head, after he was

drawn and quartered, was placed on a pike and displayed at the Pilgrim's plantation for many years. As a warning.

Had no one discovered the N.T. in New England? It must not be supposed, as some biased historians seem to infer, that there was neither Christ nor Trinity in all New England.

Rev. Uncle's congregation was frequently addressed as "the Church of Christ at Windsor". East Windsor's first pastor, Rev. Edwards, father of Jonathan Edwards, in one paper acknowleged the Trinity, and said "there is no way to obtain Mercy, and Salvation, but Only by faith in the Righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Eternall Son of God, and the alone Saviour of Sinners . . ."

Cotton's diary remarks, "My Conformity to My Glorious Lord Jesus Christ, it is, how agreeable! how desirable!". Of 70 sermon texts he used in preaching in 1709, 48% came from the N.T.

Even Jonathan's constable oath of 1665 ended "so helpe me God, in the Lord Jesus Christ".

But even this simple yeoman of the soil and of little power probably found it easier to be more the legalistic Pharisee which is natural, than a follower of Christ which requires the supernatural.

And so this representative common ordinary Puritan couple, Jonathan and Mary, remained invisible to history books. But in their day they numbered among the visible Saints, to walk circumspectly, followers of Calvin and dear Rev. Uncle their shepherd for 40 years.

Unlike Rev. Uncle who meditated overlong on theology and in the constant searching of his soul (and those of neighbors) for signs of grace, his niece Mary bore 10 children and fed them peason porridge, and turnips from gardens she herself tended.

As for Jonathan-he grovelled less as a worm in the dust but got himself to the grist mill for corn for Goodwife to make his bread.

Not that he neglected his daily sanctification, the walk that becomes God's elect, but like other yeomen of the soil perhaps scrutinized the standng of his soul less often than the hides of his livestock for dangerous mites.

Thus he was saved from overmuch preoccupation with sin as melancholy divines, and perhaps because of it had more peace of mind.

When Jonathan laid down his scythe and cross in 1677 to take up his crown, the New Jerusalem of that early Puritan vision had not materialized. Nor would it ever be built. Not by mere mortals. He knew himself as a "planter", but felt himself in the end a pilgrim looking for a city, not built with hands as Boston Mather's "Citty set on a hill", but one whose ruler and maker is God.

Goody Gillett died the day before Epiphany, 1685, a visible Saint to the end, not given to independent thought as a heretic, for she was one to obey the voice of the earthly shepherd of her soul, Rev. Uncle.

She left the cherished Geneva Bible to her children. But alas!- she had learned that it spoke different things to different folk, for she had seen these difference divide the churches, and how those schisms scattered her children to other settlemnts, and other biblical interpretations.

Four years ago the Windsor Historical Society received the Gillett Bible to display in its museum. This fall I hope to see the identical Book which brought Jonathan and Mary from England to begin a holy experiment-in the name of God.

If in this lecture I have missed the finer points of Puritanism, let it be hoped that I, at least, have captured for you something of its spirit, as played out in flesh and blood of this unknown Puritan pair, as I found it in history.

Between the lines.

Dodd

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

PART TWO

A Study in Puritanism

"The Great Awakening"

Last time we saw a new English couple of the Original Saints - which, by the way, is a bonafide term in history - played out their Puritan roles in the challenges of 17th century New England.

Today we will look at the way the descendants of these Visible Saints - also a history term - responded to the spiritual revivals of the Great Awakening in the mid-18th century.

This is the story then of the third and fourth generation a century later - the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the first Puritan immigrants, who had succeeded in passing on their <u>form</u> of godliness, but, of course, could not transmit its <u>power</u> to these new generations.

Lecture - Presby Pt. 2

PART TWO: FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, A Study in Puritanism: THE GREAT AWAKENING: -

by Gladys Dodd.

Historians have chosen 1685, CO-INCIDENTALLY the very year Goody Mary Gillett died, as the end of the old Puritan period. THIRD GENERATION Cotton Mather, for one, mourned the loss of Puritan influence, and the loss of reverence for the clergy. Clear, sound conversions were no longer frequent in his day; youth, like his own son CRESY, were becoming profligate.

We saw last time how the Lord had increased the Puritans' progeny, if not their wisdom in building the new Zion, as well. But one of the most painful struggles came over of what to do with these children in offering church membership. In England membership had been a family affair; here in New England, it was based on the individual decision. What to do?

These cultivated children had no problem whatsoever in declaring the faith, not necessarily theirs, but the faith, for they knew it by heart and from stripe. For the Saints' children had grown up "good" - if not by nature, then by careful nurture. All knew and kept the rules; there was little choice in the watchful community.

Perhaps these already "good" children saw no earthly need for a special conversion. Already obeying the commands of Church and State, was this not good enough for church membership? No, it was not, said the traditionalists, as many grown children gave no evidence whatsoever of having received saving grace, i.e., regeneration from ~~above~~ GOD.

The Boston divines called a council — if, for no other reason than the Church was shrinking in numbers, and in potential power for future generations to control the affairs of Church and State. They arrived at a compromise, called the Half-Way Covenant, an experiment which was to tear New England apart. The children now could become partial members, second class Christians, without conversion.

Rev. Uncle Warham championed its implementation in Connecticut.

Jonathan Gillett's oldest daughter, the twin, was one of the first original children of the Saints to own this Half-Way Covemant. Her husband Peter Brown must have testified satisfactorily to having received the coveted regeneration experience, for he owned the highly esteemed full covemant, and all rights pertaining thereto. They had 14 children. Which covenant would they be eligible to own?

This third generation of the Half-Way, denied certain rights and privileges, scattered to escape the autocratic church. One of these was Jonathan's grandson, Benjamin of my lineage. He went up river to settle in the pine forests of Suffield. He married schoolmaster Austin's daughter, but there is no record of his owning any covenant, full or half. They had 9 children. Their pastor was Rev. Ebenezer Devotion who owned slaves as did the Mathers in Boston, and Jonathan Edwards, his friend.

About a dozen years after Benjamin Gillett left Windsor for the pines, the church across the river from the ancestral home installed a new pastor — Rev. Timothy Edwards, who had just finished his divinity studies at Harvard, and had taken a wife, the daughter of Cousin Hester and Dr. Stoddard of Northampton.

At East Windsor, Timothy was ordained. His ordination ball was the wonder of the river towns! It is believed that the black frocked parson and his bride did not dance themselves — only dispensed the wine at the feast. A dance at the manse! Clearly a new kind of Puritan was emerging, one their preacher son hoped to snatch from the pit of hell and restore to safety, in the revivals of the Great Awakening.

This couple had 11 children - JOnathan, and 60" of daughters as the Rev. jocularly claimed. Levity had crept in, but it was true, - each of their 10 daughters was 6' tall.

Rev. Timothy himself is known to have come from a demented family in New Haven. His mother was divorced for madness by his merchant father; his uncle murdered his sister, and was executed; his aunt

Incidentally, from his 11 children were to issue an amazing number of descendants of distinction - including 13 college presidents, 65 professors, 66 physicians, 100 each of lawyers and overseas missionairies. And a rascal grandson named Aaron Burr, who killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, and later plotted the historic scheme to invade Mexico, and was convicted of treason, ~~all after he was Vice-Pres of the U.S.~~ - the U.S. Vice-Pres.

By 1734 New England had become a valley of dry bones spiritually. Religion declined. The young scoffed, frisked with Indian women, and drank strong spirits.

Only God knew if this heap of dry bones could live again. But this is just what happened! While the letter of the Mosaic law had indeed killed, the Spirit of God quickened bone and sinew with a noise and a shaking, and breathed new life into them.

This shaking in history is called the Great Awakening.

Its first stirrings were not heard in New England at all, nor was the movement spearheaded by Jonathan Edwards' preaching Sinners in the Hands of An Angry God.

The religious tidal wave to sweep two continents, across many denominational lines and colleges and several theological systems before its energy was spent, began among the worldly Dutch colonists - of all people.

murdered her son, and was convicted. Rev. Timothy himself escaped the family taint, and successfully completed a 64 YEAR ministry at East Windsor.

At 17, his son the brilliant Jonathan Edwards was graduated from Yale, and at 18 occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in New York for several months, before being called to co-pastor the Northampton congregation with his celebrated grandfather-Dr. Stoddard, which church he served for 21 years after his grandfather's passing.

Dr. Stoddard's pulpit was considered liberal for the times. For he re-defined "Sainthood." one thing, in addition to favoring "modern" music, he allowed the unregenerated members of his church to partake at the Lord's Table, as he viewed this as a converting ordinance, a means of regeneration. Thus he undid all Rev. Uncle and the Mathers, Cousin Hester's kin, had tried to do with the Half-Way Covenant. Churches split again.

With his £100 salary Jonathan could afford a wife and married Sarah, the intelligent great-granddaughter of Thomas Hooker, founder of Hartford. At the wedding Sarah WORE a green satin brocaded gown, and Jonathan SPORTED a new suit and a new powdered wig. He built a home for the 11 children Sarah was to bear, one half of whom were born on a Sunday. Which was considered the eyebrow lifting wonder of that day, for it was believed that a child was born on the same day of the week it ~~was~~ HAD BEEN conceived!

Here at the manse a negro SERVANT helped with the children, while Jonathan applied himself in his study 13 hours daily in writing sermons. He worked out 30 minutes on week days chopping wood, sometimes smoking his long pipe. Not particularly social, he was perceived as somewhat arrogant. But by all historical accounts, this divine, and third President of Princeton, is recognized as a brilliant theologian, and philosopher, and one of America's great thinkers.

About the time Puritan Jonathan Gillett swore the constable's oath on the lower Connecticut (1665), Magadalene ~~Dirx~~ DIRX, my Dutch ancestor, was thrown into the military jail on the upper Hudson River. For at a New Year's party (1667) she insulted the Captain of the British occupation by calling his sister a "whore". Which was not too savvy only 3 years after England seized New Netherlands in the days of peg-legged Peter Stuyvesant, an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church.

Stuyvesants' first "blue law" as N.Y. Governor had been to restrict the sale of liquor, for colonists were addicted to alcohol. Even the clergy. An earlier Governor charged an earlier domine with appearing in his pulpit in only 2 conditions - drunk, or dead drunk. The preacher returned the charge, with spirit. They both drowned at sea on the same ship enroute to Holland to iron out differences.

Magdalene Dirx and her newest husband Harmon operated a tippling house in New Amsterdam (now NYC), probably illegally, for both were deported, or fled to escape a ruinous fine, for selling liquor after hours, or to Indians, or without a license.

Their re-entry papers to America (1658) show that that return was on condition that they keep neither tavern, nor liquor to sell. The same paper stated Magdalene's alias - it was the "Flying Angel". Perhaps the name was earned the day she had incited the riot against the firewarden, for probably condemning her own unswept chimney at the tavern. The record of her arrest is cited in the annals of the NYC fire department.

"Flying" she was; "angel" she was not, although she was among the first to join the church upon confession of faith in Kingston, where Harmon became woodcutter, and she took in washing from the barber, the drummer at the fort, and the preacher's wife.

Thus they settled among the "loose-livers," for colonists leaned MORE toward materialism as Holland was now in its Golden Age, than to Calvinist piety, altho this theology held supreme in the Fatherland. Over 1/2 of all the merchant ships in the world flew the Dutch flag; trade was brisk on all continents, for these Calvinist merchants believed that trade for profit was a God-given right, and that material wealth was a sign of God's dearest blessing. But religion itself was not a top priority until the Great Awakening, and then only with some.

In America, Holland exploited Indian fur trade and land, buying for fishooks and trinkets. Dutch colonists too hacked Indians to pieces, throwing red infants into the fire, persecuted the Quakers but tolerated the Jews, favored hard work and hard liquor, and enjoyed "rough and loose" living. Even the clergy seemed more concerned about their lean pockets than in the Heidelberg Catechism, so the colonists were perpetually short of preachers for over 100 years.

Magdalene and her husband Harmon cheerfully joined this great society of "loose-livers," roistering and rioting with the best. She took full advantage of the feminist freedom, for Dutch women were more emancipated than HER Puritan counterparts, MARY GILLETT in New England. MAGDALENE could own her own business, and keep her maiden name till death, which she did. She lived up to her alias - "Flying Angel." And Harmon kept flight with her, for both raised HELL IN general [illegible] all their days, as revealed by the Nichols-Lovelace papers, as they ever strove for the big barn, great beer, and the good life.

They were constantly arrested, hauled into court, fined many a guilder for one offense or another - Harmon for refusing to pay the church tax, for brawling on Sabbath, for insulting the Sheriff, whom he proceeded to challenge in Court to a sword duel.

Both had a special affinity for assault and battery. One brawl consisted of their hearty participation in a round of stick beatings over the ownership of a pile of manure. None of their many black-and-blue bruises seemed to have been earned at their village whipping post, just from friendly neighbors. In one assault case, Harmon sullenly informed the Court when charged with beating a man and wife, that he did not beat the wife, which proves chivalry did exist in this woodcutter.

Magdalene did not let church membership long deter her colorful misadventures. SHe hauled a sister in the faith into court in a dispute over the appearance of a comet in January skies - was it an omen from God, or not? Once she hindered the Sheriff in the exercise of his duty in arresting a woman, and threatened to break open his own head; she had 9 children at home at the time.

This couple did not differ substantially from most Dutch colonists whose public records also show scandalous conduct. Perhaps this graphic story helps to explain what the despairing domines meant by COME TO MID-COL the Dutch settlers being "rough and loose".

What has this to do with religious revival? It can be readily seen here we have a lawless, drunken, materialistic people, sorely in need of something.

This "something" appeared to the third and fourth generation of Dutch descendants, who had not noticeably improved with the passing of time any more than the Puritans of the same period, especially the Jersey Dutch , loose-livers across the Hudson from Staten Island.

The Great Awakening is believed to have begun ~~in~~ as early as 1720 with the preaching of Rev. Frelinghuysen, a German born domine of pietistic persuasion sent to minister to the Dutch in the Middle Colonies, Dutch who cared more for big barns than in any gospel specifics beyond outward conformity in baptism and church burial.

Pietism taught the importance of the individual's personal relationship to God and emphasized personal repentance and faith, ~~and new to Calvinists~~, that there was an assurance of the soul's salvation. The doctrine of assurance was a tenet not in good standing with Calvinism, Dutch or otherwise, but Dickinson, first President of Presby Princeton, came to clearly preach this divine assurance, the witness of the Spirit with one's own spirit concerning his adoption to the family of God through Christ Jesus.

No one was to preach these ideas better than British evangelist George Whitefield, 20 years yet from sweeping America with unprecedented revival.

The religious awakening stirred first in N.J., then swept into N.Y, where in both places Dutch descendants of the Flying Angel came under the influence of THE revival preaching of Frelinghuysen and 4 of his evangelist sons, of the Tennents roaring up and down the land, of Princeton's more subdued Dickinson and Burr [illegible], and of fiery Whitefield himself, who began his itineracy in 1739 on the Delaware, and was to ~~arrive~~ Go into ~~in~~ New England to the territory of the Gilletts and ~~of~~ Jonathan Edwards.

But even before his arrival to the Connecticut Valley, 32 congregations here ~~here~~ had revivals under the preaching of their long-time pastors. This included Devotion's church in Suffield, where Benjamin Gillett and related families lived.

Edwards never took credit for the New England revival in 1735, clearly calling it a work of God, stating that an outpouring of the

Spirit was neither novel, nor yet local.

In a published tract - The Surprising Work of God - the world on both sides of the Atlantic read about this most recent awakening, as witnessed and analyzed by its author Edwards. Among these were Wesley and Isaac Watts in England. Rev. Devotion of Suffield was one of 6 clergy to endorse Edwards' account, in responsed to British correspondents inquiring as to the veracity of the event, as reported by Edwards.

New England morals had lapsed. In Boston prostitutes brazenly displayed themselves in the windows of bawdy houses. Rev. Cotton Mather suffered heartbreak and shame over his wenching wayward son Cresy. Boston ~~The~~ Commons now was a park for fashionable promenading. Increasing numbers of women left their husbands for marital incompatibility.

In Northampton Edwards described this "looseness in life" in his young parishioners as a time of frolicing in taverns and night walking, hardly considered great vices today. But it was their Sabbath "company-keeping" which seemed to him the worst offence. Parents had lost control; their town had lost its sense of sin, emphasized in the Calvinistic doctrine as "man's utter depravity".

In his tract, Edwards speaks of the "conviction for sin "as a striving of the Spirit of God, characterized first by a sensible realization of sins and an astonishing sense of guilt; secondly, by the presence of inward sins of the heart, as in the corrupt nature; both attended by a terrifying sense of God's just anger with sin.

—AND AM. REVIVALS ALWAYS MADE THE GREATEST IMPACT AMONG the YOUN

But then these young people, voluntarily began to listen to Edwards' entreaties to cha nge their ways, when the death of a young women gave a glowing testimony of God's saving mercy on her deathbed. This stirred the town of 200 families with eternal concerns. Conviction seized the people. Taverns emptied; sinners asked What shall we do to be saved? Satan raged in a dreadful manner. Edwards' own

uncle, a local merchant, spent sleepless nights, heard voices, and slit his own throat. Backbiters suddenly aware of the dreadful corruption of their nature came out of darkness into the marvellous light of God. The revival was on, and continued for months.

Edwards concluded in this tract that people generally were blessed of the Lord in the great and marvellous work of conversion and sanctification. He clearly believed, as he wrote in another TRACT, that revival was "that glorious work of God, so often foretold in Scripture . . . shall renew the world of mankind".

Nor was the revival confined to those within the sound of his voice, for revival was going on simultaneously up and down the river towns. In Suffield Rev. Devotion preached its fire and Gillett's son, my ancestor Joseph then 22, was one of the 327 to feel the flames burning in their hearts. This youth was received, as they into Devotion's church in the wake of that extended revival.

Skeptic of the day and later critics as well deplored, the excessive demonstrations of literally falling down under the power of conviction for sin, which sense of guilt they charged was less to God's power than to the power of suggestion, and guilt in acquiring wealth. Even Edwards condemned the revival excesses, for the masses, INDEED seemed to have become deliberately manipulated by some preaching fanatics.

If explanation is needed, we might consider the following: The original Saints had succeeded in passing on its form of godliness, but this ill-fitted the fourth generation much as Saul's armor on young David, for the Philistine challenge required a sling and 5 stones, not a royal sword. While these Saints had imposed their own values and convictions, like "silken roses on the shoes", they had no power to free the young from inherited sin of the heart, and their acquired sins of the flesh. Their legalistic traditions

merely shackled these of the 18th century, in miserable bondage.

This new generation ~~yearned~~ YEARNED for freedom to break those chains, for something to replace the cold logic of early Calvinism, something warmer, like assurance. And it sought it fervently. Then to receive in the Divine visitation ~~an~~ THIS assurance brought inexpressible relief and joy, so that excesses bursting from this sudden freedom from torment was indeed marked by wild fire.

In the Surprising Work of God Edwards described how grace was received by his parishioners, the most extravagent being loud laughing or weeping. But the emotions seemed to be sensible of the visitation of grace in some form of exquisite sweetness, focused in Christ's mercy, and the precious blood of the atonement, and its power to save.

But the joyous rapture was unmistakable. From his wife Sarah's own notes, he describes her renewal as "the soul was swallowed up in a kind of glow of Christ's love coming down as a constant stream of sweet light". She was a soul lost in God. This experience embarrassed Sarah's biographers, and they explained it away, as nervous prostration after bearing the fourth of her daughters.

Then Edwards invited 24 year old Whitefield to his pulpit in 1739, and he delivered 4 sermons; even Edwards wept, and he, WAS ONE TO ~~discouraged~~ religious demonstrations. Even so he was less impressed with the 24 year old evangelist than was Benjamin Franklin later that year upon hearing him preach to 20,000 in Philadelphia, although Franklin himself by his own testimony in old age remained unconverted.

In New England Whitefield preached 97 times in 45 days in 40 different towns - one of these being Suffield where lived my Gilletts and the Austins. Here at 11 o'clock on a Tuesday he preached to several thousand. In his Journal he ~~penned~~ WROTE about that October 1740

morning, "The Word came with great power". Jonathan Edwards was with him in that meeting. Nine months later Edwards returned to the area.

Benjamin Gillett's widow and mother of my Joseph was NOW 57, and only one of the many Gillets and Austins in Suffield the day Jonathan Edwards preached his most famous penned sermon, at Enfield across the river. It was "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God".

The day before this famous sermon, people from neighboring towns prayed all night for a visitation from God, for they perceived themselves loose,, vain, and altogether too arrogant, IN THEIR BELIEF IN SECURITY. Then they flocked in from everywhere to hear the famous preacher. The Suffield people ferried the 1000' river and walked the one-half mile into Enfield to hear Edwards read his sermon from manuscript, as he always had. In fact, he had preached this same sermon twice before, in his own territory.

Standing tall and dignified high in the pulpit, Edwards, fixing his gaze on the bell rope suspended before him, delivered the sermon in a quiet voice - almost monotone - to a congregation, weeping and moaning with a "great breathing of distress".

My humble ancestors in attendance left no written records of this momentous day, but Rev. Wheelock, later founder of Dartmouth, was present, and he reported that during the quiet but intense delivery, such piercing shrieks and anguished weeping ensued that Edwards paused to ask the congregation for silence, so that the message could be heard by all. Whereupon he continued to picture the tortures of hell most vividly. Did they realize less than a spider's web kept the sinner from dropping into hell; only the grace of God could rescue them from the bottomless pit?

Critics of revivalism became fond of dwelling on Edwards' word ~~pictures~~ PICTURES of the terrors of hell, but a reading of the sermon today

clearly shows that Sinners was not a message without hope. Critics fail to point out that the message offered the tender mercy of Christ, if only sinners repented. Edwards urged, "O sinner!. . . . now you have an extraordinary opportunity, a day wherein Christ has thrown [OPEN] the door calling and crying with a loud voice to poor sinners . . . . And let everyone that is yet out of Christ . . . now hearken to the loud calls of God's word and providence."

Revival again swept New England with another great harvest of souls. ~~for the churches~~. It is believed that about 50,000 (out of a total population of 300,000) was added to the churches. Sweeping moral changes came out of the Awakening, however temporary. Their longevity appeared as sporadic as the revivals themselves. Nine years later, Even Edwards was mourning the spiritual coldness that was creeping into his parish.

Edwards was keenly aware of the uneven flow in the nature of revivals in his own parish. In one treatise, he cited "undiscerned spiritual pride" as hindering the work of God, stopping the flow of grace in Northampton. The essence of spiritual pride, God's most stubborn enemy, according to Edwards, is that it is the most secret of all sins, and most like the Devil its father. Only with great difficulty can it even be located in the hidden recesses of the heart.

It sees others' sins, not its own; it suspects others' motives, seldom its own. It is quick to notice opposition, interpreting these as persecutions. It loves to instruct, seldom inquires for its self. It commands and warns; seldom entreats. It wants to help everybody, but needs no help from anybody. It engenders a mind that guards itself against light, as it is full of light already, and needs nothing more. While these are Edwards' words, they do reflect the lukewarm self-righteous LAODICEANS OF REV. 3.

In contrast, Edwards pointed out, that the truly humble are more suspicious of themselves than of any others.

Spiritual pride, the antithesis of humility, affects judgement and leads to great mischief, like the fanaticism of the overzealous. These, assuming they were favorites of God, made them self-righteous.

In short, it appears that the original sin of undiscerned spiritual pride corrupting the divine nature in genuine Christian experience raised its ugly head as in the Garden, and caused these sudden converts to gradually backslide and grow cold, ~~as~~ AND The Spirit of God was gradually withdrawn from them.

CONCLUSION: Dodd

What seems to be the cause of spiritual decadence in our times as in all others, and for that matter the decadence of nations, including ours in the 1990's? In this connection I consider the thought of Arnold Toynbee, a British historian. Before the Space Age, I discovered Toynebee in history books at the University of Illinois where I studied.

Toynebee's greatest work in 12 volumes discussed the rise and decline of 21 civilizations, allof which are dead or dying save one, China. I do not profess to understand Toynbebee's challenge-and-response theory IN THE NATURE OF the rise and breakdownof civilizations, including our own - Western Civilization. But I quote him here with more than passing interest from a page of a paper I wrote about 1950. He said:

> The Hebrew Prophets furnish a classic case of the recognition of sin as being the true, though not the obvious cause, of national misfortunes. The teaching of the Prophets was taken over by the Christian church. . . . The Western Society, though inheriting the Christian tradition, seems to have discarded the sense of sin, — which is an essential part of that tradition.

What does Toynebee mean by "the sense of sin"? I quote him further:

> The sense of sin has the effect of a stimulus because it tells the sinner that the evil is not external after all but is within him and is therefore subject to his will - if only he wills to, carry out God's purpose and to render himself accessible to Gods grace . . . . for the Christian soul is offered the possibility of purifying itself from the taint of Original Sin, which is in its heritage from Adam, by seeking and finding God's grace, which is won solely as a Divine response to human effort." - THIS EFFORT, I SUPPOSE, IS DELIBERATELY SEEKING GOD'S FACE

Thus, according to Toynebee, this is the last challenge-response left to mankind for his survival.

What did Jonathan Edwards and the other revivalists of the Great Awakening mean by Original Sin and "the sense of sin". The same thing; the Adamic nature within, and salvation only in response to God, in seeking and finding His grace in the day of visitation.

The Bible, of course, clinches the matter, squarely addressing the issue: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, AND WILL heal their land. II CHRON 7:14

Relevant to this work:
GENEALOGICAL CHART of
writer - Gladys Dodd,
7th gen. descendant of
Joseph[5] Gillett
and
Elizabeth Hayes

ANCESTOR CHART

JONATHAN GILLET ①
B ca. 1600
D 29 AG. 1677, Windsor, Conn.
M 29 MAR. 1634
Res
MARY DOLBIAR (DOLBERE)

JOHN GILLET ②
Bp. 5 OCT. 1644, Windsor, Cn
D ca. NOV. 1682, " "
M 8 JL. 1669
Res Windsor, Conn.

THOMAS BARBER ① of To Am.
Bca. 1615, Bedfordshire, Eng. 1635
D 11 SEPT. 1662, Simsbury, Cn.
M 7 OCT. 1640.
Soldier - PEQUOT WAR
JANE b.
d. 10 SEPT. 1662
Simsbury, Cn.

MERCY MARY BARBER
Bp. 12 OCT. 1651, Windsor, Cn.
D 21 DEC. 1725, Suffield, Cn.

BENJAMIN GILLET ③
Grandfather
B 3 OCT. 1680
D
M 6 SEPT. 1705
Res
B. - Windsor, Cn.
D. - Suffield, Cn.

JOSEPH GILLET ④
Father
B 15 MAR. 1712-13
D JL. 1776
M 20 MAR. 1740
Res CONN.

RICHARD AUSTIN
B 1598 ENG.
D AM.
Sailed BEVIS 5/16/1638
for Charlestown, Mass.
Res ENG; MASS.
ELIZABETH
B
D
M
Res

+ ANTHONY AUSTIN
B ca. 1636, Bishopstoke, ENG.
D 22 AG. 1708
M
Res Rowley, Ms & Suffield, Cn.

+ ESTHER HUGGINS
B
D 7 MAR. 1698-99

ELIZABETH AUSTIN
Grandmother
B 20 APR. 1684
D 7 OCT. 1752,
Suffield, Cn.

+ Descendants:-
Moses Austin, b. 1761
Stephen Austin, b. 1793

Ancestors of

JOSEPH GILLET, ⑤ father of **AMASA GILLET** ⑥
B. 4 JE. 1753, Simsbury, Conn.
D. 7 MY. 1836, Norton, Ohio
M. ca. 1782 to Mercy Mary Rowe
BUR. - Wyatt Cem., Waldo, Ohio
1817 - migrated to Dela. Co, Ohio
AM. REV. WAR -
18TH CONN. MILITIA

THOMAS DIBBLE ①
B
D 17 OCT. 1700
M 25 JE. 1683
Res Emig. to Am. from ENG 1635
M - to ELIZABETH HAYDEN

SAMUEL DIBBLE ②
B 24 MAR. 1643
D 5 JE. 1709
M
Res Windsor, Cn.
Hepzibah Bartlett (?)

Parents of

SAMUEL HAYES
Grandfather
B ca. 1699
D
M
Res
Simsbury, CONN.

*** GEORGE HAYES**
B -
D 2 SEPT. 1725, Simsbury, Cn
M 29 AG. 1683
Res Emig. to Windsor, Cn. 1682
from SCOT. OR ENG.

*** ABIGAIL DIBBLE** ③
B 19 JAN. 1666, Windsor, Cn
D ca. 1725

* Their descendant is U.S. Pres. Rutherford B. Hayes, b. Delaware, Ohio, 4 Oct. 1822.

ELIZABETH HAYES
Mother
B 17 OCT. 1721
D 31 AG. 1805 at
Granby, CONN.
B. - CONN.

ELIZABETH WILLCOCKSON
Grandmother
B
D

B
D
M
Res

B
D
M
Res

B
D
M
Res

B
D
M
Res

Key
Bp - Baptized
B - Born
D - Died
M - Married
Res - Residence
BUR. - Burial

DPL 500 (Rev. 10-78)

YOUR GENEALOGICAL CHART

8th Gen. DESCENDANT OF CATRINA VAN DE MARK 2nd

GLADYS DODD Tes. Coddington, schoolmistr

Name 4494 W. 65th Ave.

Address ARVADA, CO. 80003

City State Zip

1 CATRINA VAN DE MARK

Born 13 Jan. 1734
Where ULSTER CO., N.Y.
When Married 18 Feb. 1753
Died
Where

JOSEPH CODDINGTON
Spouse 1732 ? - 1800 ?
Voorleser, Schoolmaster

Your Brothers & Sisters

GYSBERT	1732
ARY	1737
SYLVESTER	1740
JOHN	1745
SARAH	1748
JOSEPH	1751

2 JACOB VandeMark

Father
Born 7 My, 1710
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.
When Married 17 My. 1730
Died
Where ULSTER CO.NY

3 CHRISTINA VAN-GARDEN

Mother
Born 18 Sept. 1709
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.
Died
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.

4 ARIE VANdeMARK

Paternal Grandfather
Born 1675
Where ULSTER CO. N.Y.
When Married 27 Ag. 1699
Died
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.

5 SAARTJE BOND (Bont)

Paternal Grandmother
Born
Where SCHENECTADY, N.Y.
Died
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.

6 GYSBERT VAN GARDEN

Maternal Grandfather
Born ca. 1660
Where Albany, N.Y. ?
When Married by 1680
Died after 1728
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.
aka Gysbert Albertse

7 RACHEL ROSENCRANS

Maternal Grandmother
Born 21 Ag. 1663
Where ULSTER CO. N.Y.
Died
Where

Papist

8 THOS. VANdeMARK

Great Grandfather
Born 1643 Where HOLL
When Married 1674, Kingston N.Y.
Died 1724 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

9 JACOBMYNTJE JACOBS

Great Grandmother
Born Where
Died 1693 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

10 HENDRICK LAMBERT-SEN BONT

Great Grandfather
Born Where
When Married
Died Where

11

Great Grandmother
Born Where
Died Where

12 ALBERT GYSBERTSEN

Arr. in Am. 1659 on "FAITH"

Great Grandfather
Born Where
When Married
Died 1665 Where Kingston, N.Y.

13 AELTJE WYSGART

Great Grandmother
Born Where HOLL., Heerde
Died Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

14 HARMON HEND-RIKS ROSENCRANS

Great Grandfather
Born Where HOLL, OR NOR.
When Married 3 MAR. 1659 - N.Y.C.
Died 1697 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

15 MAGDALEN DIRX

Great Grandmother Amsterdam
Born after Where HOLL.
Died 1703 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.
aka "The Flying Angel"

(V)

GLADYS DODD: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I am Gladys[11] (Chloe[10], Wilson[9], Freeman[8], Homer,[7] Amasa[6], Joseph[5], Joseph[4], Benjamin[3], John[2], Jonathan [1] Gillett).

Those familiar with genealogy know by the little digits in the parentheses that we have been American for a great while. We have - 363 years.

I am writing our story, because it is relevant for our times, as all "family roots" accounts truly are.

The portion of this narrative from 1630 - 1795 - nearing completion is a thoroughly researched reconstruction of my people, and the places and events of their day. The stories of Jonathan[1] the Puritan progenitor through Joseph[5] the Presbyterian American Revolutionary soldier re-creates the religious heritage of most New England colonists of that time period, and dispels some myths presently held by the religious who are historically uninformed.

One fallacy held by Americans which is supposed to be cherished is that our forebears lived in the "good old days" when life was simple. Life was never simple and serene as a little digging into family lore will readily reveal. There have always been natural disasters and governmental woes to contend with; personal tragedies, some in the form of black genes - the defective genes that run like threads of washable dyes that bleed and stain even lily-white descendants.

The pedigree charts with lines going sideways like a fallen over Jacob's ladder containing ancestoral names and meaningless dates leave me dry and empty. These are only skeletons, and need shaking like Ezekial's valley of dry bones to give them some life. I have found this "life" in yellowed pages, and probated wills, the census and other records, to say nothing of the treasures to be located in the dank vaults of archives.

I read them and weep. I read them and laugh. But I do not stare at these names on the rungs of the ladder any more with no feeling.

I early became a person of religious conviction, almost with Puritan fervor, although at the time I knew nothing of Puritans except what certain pages of dull textbooks said. Holding to pacifistic views during World War II (certainly not in line with Puritan beliefs as the Pequot War and King Phillip's War will show), I worked, not on a defense job as might be expected for the times, but at a factory for 85¢ a hour to support myself while attending Pacific Bible College (now Azusa University) in view of becoming a missionary to native Americans.

My "mission" led to a Denver suburban public high school where I taught American history from boring texts, and courses in comparative religions and sociology. I retired after 55 consecutive years in the classroom, either as student or teacher, or both.

When a bright student came to me one spring with the "religious conviction" she was unable to conscientiously compete with others in the class by taking the religion's course final exam, I understood perfectly well. The written competition for marks had something to do with her own philosophy gleaned from studies in earning the 5 karate belts she held. In fact, she even then was teaching teachers in continuing education classes the skills of the martial arts for the purpose of self-defense. That was before kids started toting guns to school. And to think I made a federal case out of chewing gum!

Being a person of religious scruples myself, what could I, a teacher with grade book in hand, say to such "conviction"? I have no faith in punitive blackboard erasing or running 20 laps around the track to earn anything. We agreed on her lecturing on both Taoism and the native religion of the S.W. Indians (she was knowledgeable on both) in lieu of the written exam. This she faithfully did 2 or 3 years to my several annual religions' classes, after her graduation.

I early became a person of religious conviction, almost with Puri-
tan fervor, although at the time I knew nothing of Puritans except
what certain pages of dull textbooks said. Holding to pacifistic
views during World War II (certainly not in line with Puritan beliefs
as the Pequot War and King Philip's War will show), I worked, not
on a defense job as might be expected for the times, but at a factory
for 85¢ a hour to support myself while attending Pacific Bible Col-
lege (now Azusa University) in view of becoming a missionary to
native America.

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This Elder was uncle to the celebrated four star General Eisenhower, and one of four ministers in the family.

When General Ike threw his hat into the political ring, it suddenly became necessary to limn his religious background, as Americans, long since abandoning the earlier log cabin image necessary to strengthen the candidate, had not yet abandoned the necessity of endowing the Presidential timber with a "respected" religion.

It was discovered to everyone's embarrassment that Eisenhower had never belong to a church; he became Presbyterian on the morning of his first inauguration, then promptly preceded to break precedent by praying a 63 word prayer at the inaugural ceremony, which shocked the nation's liberals.

To get the conservative vote, journalists had to "research" the religion of Eisenhower's forebears to properly present Ike to the electorate. As his parents were members of an embarrassing pacifistic sect (Jehovahs' Witnesses, never to be mentioned by the media), the writers hurriedly passed over them, and dwelt on the uncles, grandfather and great-grandfather, all of whom were alleged River Brethren ministers.

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After 2 years of research from Indiana to CAlifornia and 400 typewritten pages of heavily documented data, I completed my thesis On The Religious Background of the Eisenhower Family. The faculty voted it the most outstanding thesis in that class of 63, all males except me. It was subsequently excerpted on a formal occasion, the traditional award for such recognized theses.

Copies were later requested by both the State Historical Archives in Topeka, and the Eisenhower Library in Abilene; copies have been placed in each city. One chapter was published in the Kansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXIX, 1963.

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Although my own family branches have provided the material, laboriously researched from New England to the Southwest from all kinds of records, for the contents of this proposed book, it is, if you have been in America long, your story as well. If you have located your family tree but can not really plant it in time and space, you may find roots here and there in this work to help you anchor it into American soil and at the same time into your own soul as well.

My own religious inclinations today still lean toward the pacifist. I am a regular attender of the First Denver Friends Church (evangelical Quakers). Perhaps this is due in part to my being a descendant of colonial Quakers, but more than likely my choice has been influenced by the quiet teaching of a Quaker professor of theology I had at Azusa, and the exemplary lives of fine Quaker students I taught in religions' courses in a public high school.

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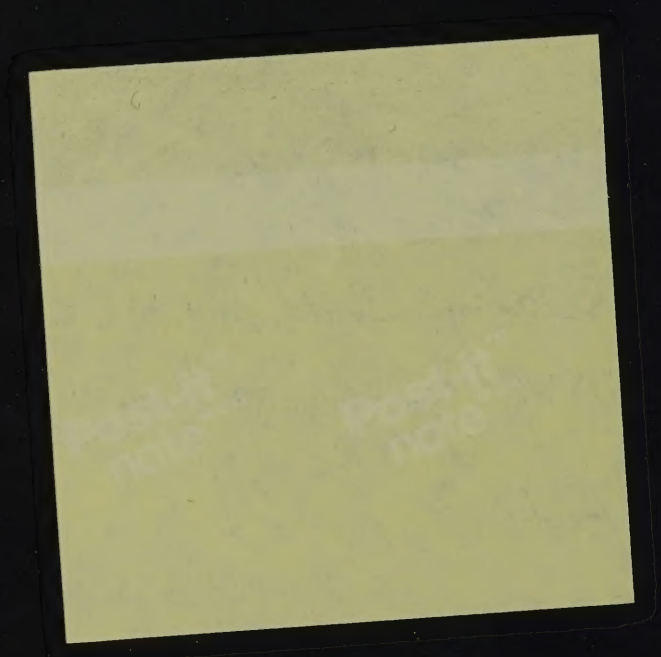
PUBLISHED HISTORICAL
RESEARCH
Gladys Dodd, M.A., M.Div.
Ks. Hist. QUARTERLY
VOL. XXIX
Autumn, 1963



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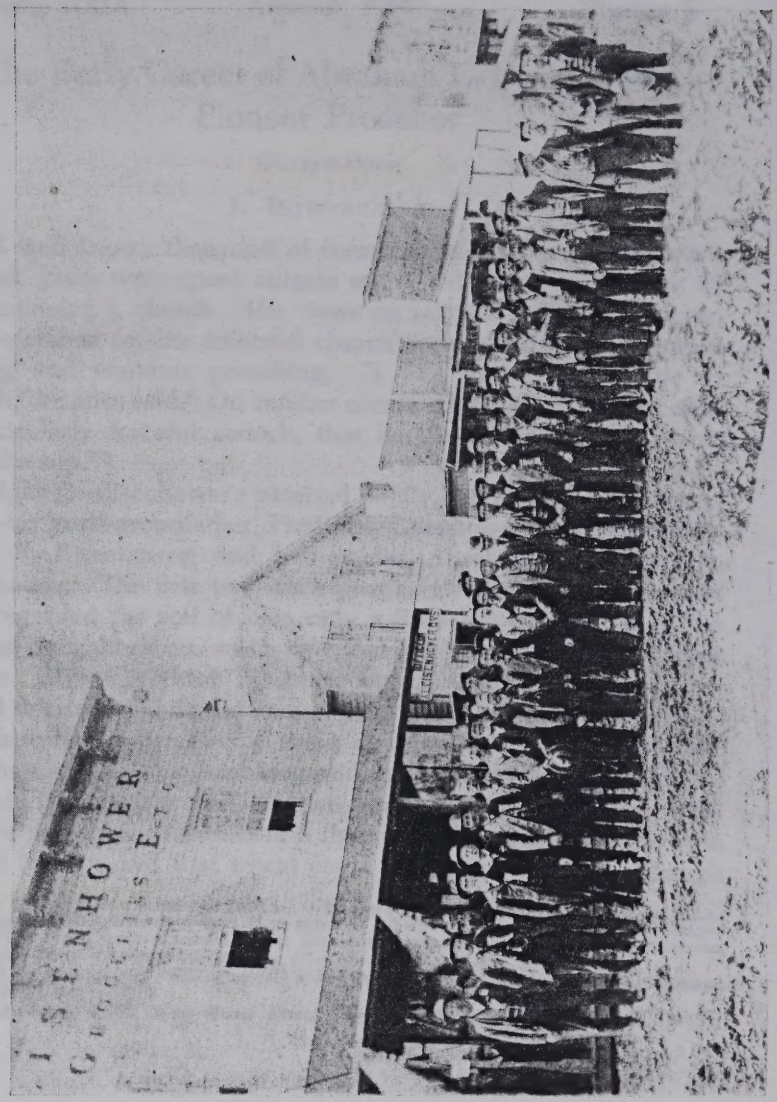
The Kansas Historical Quarterly is published four times a year by the Kansas State Historical Society, 120 W. Tenth St., Topeka, Kan., 66612. It is distributed without charge to the members of the Society; nonmembers may purchase single issues, when available, for $1.25 each. Membership dues: annual, $5; supporting annual, $10; life, $50; patron annual, $100 or more. Membership applications and dues should be sent to Edgar Langsdorf, treasurer.

Correspondence concerning articles for the *Quarterly* should be addressed to the managing editor. The Society assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

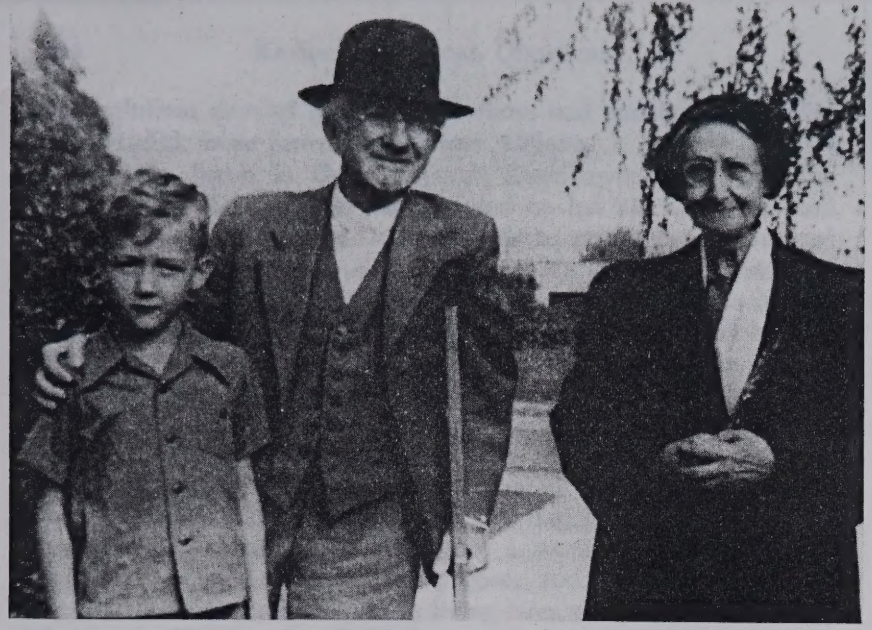
Second-class postage has been paid at Topeka, Kan.

THE COVER

This post card scene depicts a soldiers' reunion in the city park at Dodge City. Post card art can be tricky. While this particular picture is reproduced from a card announcing the 1910 encampment, the Kansas State Historical Society also has an almost identical card heralding the 1914 gathering, with the car painted out! If one were to rely on the dates, it would seem that none of the persons shown on both cards had moved a muscle for four years!



The David J. and Abraham L. Eisenhower Brothers store at Hope, with Dr. Abraham's veterinary shingle hanging from a corner of the porch. The occasion was a Grand Army of the Republic reunion, Memorial day, 1887.



Giving up his store, and finally much of his veterinary activities, Dr. Abraham Eisenhower also left his comfortable home in Abilene in the 1890's, and with his wife took to the road in a Gospel wagon. The couple later settled near Thomas, Okla., where they made their home into an orphanage.

The Abraham Eisenhower home at Abilene, which was bought by David J. Eisenhower, became the boyhood home of young Dwight and his brothers.

THE KANSAS HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume XXIX *Autumn, 1963* Number 3

The Early Career of Abraham L. Eisenhower, Pioneer Preacher

GLADYS DODD

I. INTRODUCTION

IT IS well known that most of former Pres. Dwight Eisenhower's adult years were spent outside organized religion. He was 63 before joining a church. His views on religion indicate, however, his preference for the informal church service. He likes vigorous singing and vigorous preaching. "I like to be enthusiastic in church," he once said.[1] On another occasion he told a preacher, after a particularly forceful sermon, that he liked a man "who shoots from the hip."[2]

Dwight D. Eisenhower's paternal family had at least four clergymen—his great-grandfather, Frederick Eisenhower; his grandfather, Jacob F. Eisenhower; and two uncles, Abraham L. and Ira A. Eisenhower. The first two were prosperous Pennsylvania farmers who regarded the soil of men only a little less precious than the souls of men; Abraham was a veterinarian; Ira, a painter and paper hanger. River Brethren ministers were self-supporting; none received salaries. While the man of God preached the Word on Sunday, he plowed or plied a trade on Monday. The Eisenhower preachers represent a combined ministry of well over 100 years.

Jacob Eisenhower and his two sons, Abraham and Ira, were pioneer preachers in Kansas at a time when Texas cattle trails were still so hard-packed that wheat could not sprout in them, although

MISS GLADYS DODD, native of Eureka, is presently a teacher in American history at the high school in Westminster, Colo. This paper is excerpted from her bachelor of divinity thesis, "The Religious Background of the Eisenhower Family," submitted to the Nazarene Theological Seminary, Kansas City, Mo. 1959. M.DIV.

1. Paul Hutchinson, "The President's Religious Faith," *Christian Century*, Chicago, March 24, 1954, p. 369.

2. Merriman Smith, *Meet Mister Eisenhower* (New York, Harper and Bros., 1955), p. 7.

the turbulent days of gun-toting cowboys and marshals like "Wild Bill" Hickok were forever gone from Abilene.

Like the Jacob in Genesis, Jacob Eisenhower heard that the corn was good in another country and he led his household and some of his Pennsylvania-Dutch friends to prairie lands south of Abilene in the spring of 1878. Eisenhower's vanguard constituted the first of several River Brethren contingents migrating to central Kansas, where their Dutch diligence was soon rewarded by bountiful harvests of the Mennonite wheat which was to make Kansas the breadbasket of the world.

The River Brethren were similar to the wheat-growing Mennonites in more ways than in their agrarian economy. Like the bonneted and bearded Mennonites, the Brethren were a "plain people." Prayer veilings for their women and flowing beards for their men proved to the world that they were a separated people. They shunned "worldliness" like the plague, and their most worldly ambition was to make an honest living from the prairie soil. Only their great barns and well-filled corncribs and haymows hinted at prosperity, as their homes were virtually bare of the comforts of life. Even carpets were regarded as being "worldly."

Jacob Eisenhower was the first River Brethren minister to reside in Kansas, and it appears that his home was the Brethren's first regular meeting place in the state. Until their first church building was erected at Abilene in 1885, the Brethren worshipped every Lord's day in the parlor of his farm home in the Belle Springs community. Here he preached God's love to all mankind, the heinousness of war and of bearing arms and of taking oaths. He preached separation from the world—in spirit, in conduct, and in dress. He preached the ordinances of the church—baptism, the love feast, and feet washing.

In this parlor meetinghouse, Abraham Lincoln Eisenhower began his active religious life, which was to result in a ministerial career. Converted as a boy, Abe joined the church in his father's house at the age of 14, after being baptized in the mode prescribed by the River Brethren. He was immersed three times forward by Bishop Jesse Engle, the first overseer of the Kansas colony, and later the first foreign missionary in the Brethren church.[3] The shallowness of Kansas streams was no real deterrent to Brethren baptismals, since candidates knelt in the water to receive the ordinance.

3. *Evangelical Visitor*, Nappanee, Ind., January 15, 1945.

II. DR. A. L. EISENHOWER

Except for occasional love feasts in neighboring barns[4] and weekly marketing trips to the county seat, Abe's boyhood world was enclosed on all four sides by the endless hedge rows bounding the family's Belle Springs farm. The farm held a single attraction—animals, particularly horses. Five days between the plow handles could be endured if only on the sixth he could hitch his father's team of fast ponies to a light buggy and race over the unfenced prairie, to trade butter for a bushel of 50-cent potatoes and four-dollar flour.[5]

It was the natural thing for Abe to gravitate from farm to animal doctoring, and soon after his marriage to Anna Long in 1885 he set up his veterinary office in a corner of his oldest brother Dave's general merchandise store at Hope, Kan. A photograph of the Eisenhower building of the period shows a small board sign on the store front reading, "A. L. Eisenhower, D. V. S."

Although Abe did not attend a veterinary school until he began his Abilene practice, he gained quite a reputation in Hope, as a horse doctor,[6] where he became known as the "genial veterinarian."[7] The Hope *Herald* which carried his ads contains many news items about the young veterinarian.

In the early days Abe may have learned his practice from a local veterinarian, possibly J. D. Fike, a veterinary surgeon, of Lost Springs, whose name appeared in the local news of the Hope *Herald*;[8] or perhaps J. D. Stroup, of Hope, whose card appeared in the *Herald* during 1885.[9] But whatever Abe lacked in formal training at this time, he made up in ingenuity, an inventive cleverness which served to squeeze him through many a knothole in the years to come. His nephew, Bishop Ray Witter of Navarre, Kan., tells how in those early days before his practice was established, Abe would trot up and down the dusty roads in his two-wheeled gig in a most urgent manner, causing farmers to marvel at the industrious young veterinarian. Since he was that busy, he must be good and

4. These two-day religious gatherings were usually conducted in barns, as early day Brethren did not believe in worshipping God in a specially built meeting house. The love feast consisted of psalm-singing, testimonials, and sermons, and, on the evening of the second day, a simple meal eaten by candlelight, after which the ordinance of feet washing was observed.

5. Kenneth S. Davis, *Soldier of Democracy* (Garden City, Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1945), p. 27.

6. Hope *Herald*, September 1, 1887.

7. *Ibid.*, March 7, 1889.

8. *Ibid.*, May 26, 1887.

9. *See, e. g.*, the issue of July 4, 1885.

they began to employ his services for their ailing stock.[10] And he proved to be a good vet, his nephews, two of them still living at Hope, agree.[11]

In addition to his veterinary practice, Abe undertook to carry on the general store with his brother Dave, Dwight Eisenhower's father. This was after the co-partner, Milt Good, described by the Hope *Dispatch* as "one of the best merchants that ever measured off a piece of bacon or weighed a yard of calico," [12] had left Dave and Hope with a lot of unpaid bills.[13] Thereafter, the store was known as Eisenhower Brothers,[14] with Dave continuing to act in the capacity of buyer in Kansas City while Abe stayed in Hope to clerk and drive the delivery wagon.[15]

A survey of the Eisenhower ads in both Hope newspapers makes an interesting study, for it can be seen that from the first Dave's store catered to the "worldly" trade, showing he had broken with Brethren principles of conservatism. Although he endeavored to attract the German people (both he and Milt Good were fluent in the German language, *i. e.*, Pennsylvania-Dutch),[16] his shelves were lined with stocks "inconsistent" with Brethren beliefs—laces, silk, and velvet trimmings, carpets, and cigars. He went so far as to allow a milliner, Miss T. Caldwell, to set up her millinery display in the window, a row of the latest styles of ladies' hats complete with flowers and ornaments.[17] This, according to a plain people, would be sinning in a highhanded manner.

Although the establishment carried "elegant stock" equal to any found in any general mercantile house, and the prices so low as to "make your pocket-book laugh," [18] and the Eisenhower brothers' honesty so apparent that the editor of the Hope *Dispatch* wrote that they were known to "deal squarely with a child as well as a grown person," [19] the store venture failed. Dave went to Texas in the fall of 1888, where he found employment in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railroad shops,[20] leaving Abe to handle the store alone until it could be sold early the next year.[21]

Abe then moved to Abilene, the county seat, and located on a

10. Interview with Bishop Ray Witter, October 25, 1958.
11. Interview with John and Harry Haldeman, Hope.
12. Hope *Dispatch*, November 12, 1886.
13. Davis, *op. cit.*, p. 36.
14. Hope *Herald*, November 25, 1886.
15. *Ibid.*, December 2, 1886.
16. *Ibid.*, May 9, 1885.
17. *Ibid.*, April 8, 1886.
18. *Ibid.*, June 21, 1888.
19. Hope *Dispatch*, November 4, 1887.
20. Hope *Herald*, October 18, 1888.
21. Abilene *Weekly Reflector*, February 7, 1889.

three-acre tract south of the tracks. After graduating from the veterinary college in Chicago, which he attended the winter and spring of 1889 and 1890, he continued to practice as a veterinary surgeon.[22] At the pinnacle of his barn roof, a good 30 feet from the ground, Abe hung his shingle, a large square sign which read, "Dr. A. L. Eisenhower, Veterinarian." That immense barn, one of the largest in the community, housed stalls for many horses, and the hayloft could hold seven or eight tons of prairie hay. His house was a two-story white frame structure, with an attic for overflow household goods. A large back yard contained a smokehouse and a place for Anna's chickens and a nice-sized plot for her vegetable garden.

Dr. Eisenhower did well in Abilene as a veterinarian. But in 1892 something happened to turn the horse doctor in a different direction. That spring, an itinerant evangelist came to Abilene, pitched a tent, and held a protracted meeting.[23] It was at this time that Abe obtained what he termed "full salvation." [24] Following this tent meeting, he felt the call to the ministry so strongly that he "left the oxen and ran after. . . ." [25]

Before Abe could become detached from his practice, he had first to dispose of his Abilene property. This was not difficult to do, for his brother Dave's growing family was already bursting the seams of their little house on Second street and they needed more room. Dave had returned from Texas in 1891 (with Dwight, the baby), and had found employment as night watchman and mechanic in the Belle Springs Creamery. Abe rented the house to him with an option to buy which he did later.[26]

Abe could not have known (he died in 1944) that the place he gave up in order to go into Gospel work would some day be a national shrine dedicated to the honor of his illustrious nephew. Beside the house stands the Eisenhower Museum, housing historical items valued at well over $2 million, including the famous Eisenhower family Bible in which Abe's own birth date is recorded.

And Abe's wife, Anna, perhaps could not have known altogether what it meant to "turn their backs upon the world." For in 1902 she could look back and write:

> I never will forget what it meant to die out and say, "Yes," to all the will

22. Hope *Dispatch*, December 5, 1889.
23. *Evangelical Visitor*, January 15, 1945.
24. *Ibid.*, Abilene, April 1, 1892.
25. *Ibid.*, January 15, 1945. [I Kings 19:20.]
26. Davis, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

of God: to have husband give up his medical profession, which was so highly esteemed by the world, and go out and preach the Gospel without charge. I turned all we possessed over to the Lord. God asked me to give things away, to which my heart responded freely. He took us out of our home to a Gospel wagon.[27]

III. The Highway and Hedge Call

The Gospel wagon was a covered wagon equipped for a small party of gospel workers to move rapidly about the country, preaching as they went. The call to this type of ministry was, as Anna Eisenhower aptly described it, a "highway and hedge call." That first season, 1896, Abe and Anna accompanied the Brethren preacher D. H. Brechbill, who had been on a previous Oklahoma mission. Only three years earlier, the Cherokee Outlet, Indian lands in present northwest Oklahoma, had been opened to white settlement and many a homesteader had rushed in to stake claim without capital, and with no religion other than a get-rich-quick philosophy.

The Eisenhower-Brechbill party left Abilene June 10, 1896. Crossing rivers torrential with flash floods and treacherous with quicksand, they arrived on the field of labor. A protracted meeting was started in a schoolhouse 13 miles northwest of Medford, Okla. House to house visitation—mostly dugouts—was carried on by day, while revival meetings were held by night. Oklahoma homesteaders were desperately poor, their poverty wringing the hearts of the workers, and desperately wicked as well. The Gospel team was in a much better position to help the homesteaders with their spiritual poverty than with their temporal impoverishment, so they preached, according to their own report, messages of "real death, resurrection and separation from the world."[28] Although the schoolhouse was packed nightly, the number of converts seems to have been surprisingly small.

Years later, Abe scored evangelists who expected "big collections" when the home minister suffered want. He reminded the *Evangelical Visitor* reading public that in the old days when he and Brother Brechbill labored in Oklahoma, they lived very economically, and upon returning to Kansas they turned over every penny of their small collections to Bishop Samuel Zook, keeping not one cent for themselves.[29]

The next year, 1897, Abe, improving the weaknesses of the cumbersome covered wagon, designed his own Gospel wagon.

27. *Sent of God*, Tabor, Iowa, October 2, 1902.
28. *Evangelical Visitor*, July 15, 1896.
29. *Ibid.*, February 1, 1909.

The *Visitor* editor described it as a unique "house of pilgrimage."[30] Measuring 7 x 14 x 6½ feet and built at a cost of $80, the house, equipped for four workers, was furnished with chairs, tables, four cots, and a gasoline stove. Sliding curtains divided the wagon into two sleeping compartments, one for the men, the other for the women. On June 26, it was driven, sparkling new with glistening black paint, from Abilene the 13 miles to the Belle Springs church. The next day the wagon was properly dedicated, and the workers—Abe and Anna Eisenhower, J. H. Eshelman, and Barbara Hershey—shook hands all around in a gesture of farewell. Two of the first three Brethren preachers in Kansas—Jacob Eisenhower and Benjamin Gish—stood there in the church yard to give the young workers a hearty send off.[31]

Friday, July 2, found the Gospel wagon tied to a hitching post in Herington. Here, the evangelists held a street meeting on a busy corner and had a good meeting "in spite of the opera only a stone's cast away."[32]

It was at Herington, according to one account, that Abe broke up a Fourth of July parade. A man with a megaphone was shouting directions to a parade of marching celebrators. Seizing the opportunity to end the pompous show (parades were "worldly"), Abe fell in step with the megaphone man and shouted at the top of his lungs, "This way to heaven!" A part of the confused crowd followed the wiry little preacher to an outside stairway attached to a two-story building. Halfway up the steps, he turned around to face the congregation he had siphoned from the parade, and, like Paul on the castle stairway, he preached to them the gospel of Christ.[33]

The next stop east was the historic town of Council Grove. It was Saturday, the farmers' market day. A curious crowd turned out to see what new thing by way of religion the bonneted and bearded Brethren had to offer. "We here met with opposition by some Sons of Belial," one of the workers reported. Denied the privilege of preaching on the streets, they thankfully entered a hall proffered to them by a good man, and in this building three meetings were held. "We found a few souls in this place who are willing to take the death-route to heaven," they jubilantly informed the readers of the *Visitor*.[34]

Upon leaving Council Grove, they headed the wagon southeast

30. *Ibid.*, July 15, 1897.
31. *Ibid.*, October 21, 1912.
32. *Ibid.*, August 1, 1897.
33. Interview with Bishop Ray Witter.
34. *Evangelical Visitor*, August 15, 1897.

to Americus where for seven nights they preached on the streets, "holding forth the Word of Life with no uncertain sound." [35]

On they traveled, west to Reading, northeast to Osage City, where eight days among the coal miners produced results—"real penitence and godly aspirations were some of the fruits of our labors at this place" [36]—and on to Scranton where they preached to a crowd of 100 persons. Drunkenness, lodge-joining, women tending bars and employing their own children to help mix and sell whisky—all this was too much for the good Brethren, and they prepared a banner boldly emblazoned with "Prepare to meet thy God" and hung it on the wagon for all to see the solemn warning.[37]

At one of these towns Abe Eisenhower had great difficulty in drawing a street crowd. Never lacking for ways and means, he flopped down on his stomach, and propping his heels on the side of a building, stretched across the sidewalk. Keeping one eye on the open Bible before him, and the other on the curious passersby who paused to watch him read in this strange manner, he waited until a sizeable crowd had gathered, then bounding to his feet, began to preach to his startled audience with all the torrential fervor of an Old Testament prophet.[38]

At about this time, Abe and Anna left the party and went to Topeka to lay plans for a sidewalk battle there. Earlier, the Salvation Army had been to the state capital and had been forbidden to go on Kansas avenue with their drums and tambourines and psalm-singing. By the time the Gospel wagon pulled into the city, however, permission had been granted for street services, and the Brethren, rejoicing over their good fortune, held the enemy at bay until midnight.[39]

September found the team at Silver Lake, west of Topeka, with plans to make stopovers at Rossville, Wamego, and Manhattan. The workers urged *Visitor* readers and the Brethren at home to pray regularly every night from eight to nine, the zero hour when they made nightly raids on the enemy's territory. Pacifists one and all, the Brethren ended their *Visitor* correspondence with the words, "Yours in the war for souls. . . ." [40]

The following winter Eisenhower itinerated new Kansas areas, becoming known as "Holiness Evangelist A. L. Eisenhower." [41] On

35. *Ibid.*
36. *Ibid.*, September 15, 1897.
37. *Ibid.*
38. Interview with Bishop Ray Witter.
39. *Evangelical Visitor*, September 15, 1897.
40. *Ibid.*
41. *Ibid.*, March 15, 1898.

January 31, 1898, he and Anna were at Sabetha. For the first three days, Abe's preaching "wonderfully stirred up" the people as he directed almost every message to church members. "Our brother," wrote Peter Keim of Sabetha, "taught the 'new birth' very plainly and the second work of grace was made so plain that it caused those of us who had gone through the experience on the same line that our brother had taught, to shout, Hallelujah!" [42] Not all Sabethites by any means belong to this pious ejaculatory group, however, for certain ones found fault with Abe's emphasis on "entire cleansing of the spirit, soul and body." The meeting closed on February 15, after a "grand victory" the ninth night.[43]

In July Abe and Anna attended a camp meeting at Forest City, Mo., a Missouri river town 27 miles northwest of St. Joseph. This incident seems to mark the beginning of their rather loose affiliation with the Hephzibah Faith Missionary Association of Tabor, Iowa. (HFMA permitted one to belong to his own church and to the HFMA at one and the same time.) Some time earlier, the Eisenhowers had gone to Iowa, where they met Mother Wheaton of Tabor, home from her prison tours. The widowed Mother Wheaton, primarily known as a prison evangelist but equally at home preaching in logging camps, Southern stockades and sugar camps, coal mine prison camps, and railroad coaches,[44] traveled from coast to coast, through the courtesy of railway officials, on free train passes. She had, moreover, the privilege of taking, free of charge, two workers with her wherever she went. She asked the Eisenhowers to accompany her to the Forest City camp meeting, which they gladly did.[45]

Enroute to Tabor, Abe held meetings on the way. After leaving Tabor he went to Bellevue, Neb., where he was "deeply impressed" by a mourner's bench, 30 feet in length.[46] In the Brethren church, while it was considered consistent "for ministers to invite seekers to come forward," a ruling was made in 1882 that "no special bench shall be set out for the seekers." [47]

IV. "MR. JABBOK"

The year 1899 ushered in a phase in Abe's ministry. It soon found them in a Brethren settlement in Oklahoma territory, living

42. *Ibid.*
43. *Ibid.*
44. *Good Tidings*, Tabor, Iowa, August 16, 1923.
45. *Evangelical Visitor*, October 15, 1898.
46. *Ibid.*
47. *General Conference Index*, Article 5, 1882, p. 36.

in a dugout gouged from the side of a hill.[48] Their objective was to prove that their homestead was something more than 160 acres of unimproved land, situated between the wide sandy bed of the South Canadian river and the new railroad 18 miles away. They had dedicated themselves to making it a home, with bed and board and love, for as many orphans as they could possibly accommodate, plus the one more they could never turn away. Thus, by a childless couple, the Jabbok orphanage, was begun. In the 10 years during which they operated the home, they took in 35 of these unwanted and homeless waifs.[49] This is an area which was as tough and colorful as the blanket Indians that still roamed it. Among them were palefaces, poverty-stricken. And the Eisenhowers themselves, despite their Dutch labor and frugality, suffered many privations.[50]

Some time in 1901, some Kansas friends of the Eisenhowers, the J. M. Zooks, came to Thomas, a tiny village near Abe's farm. Seeing great possibilities in Jabbok, they, with the Eisenhowers, filed at Guthrie, the capital of Oklahoma territory, the following charter:

To All to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:

Whereas, A. L. Eisenhower, J. M. Zook, Anna B. Eisenhower and Mary E. Zook, all of Thomas, O. T., have filed in the office of the Secretary of the Territory of Oklahoma certain articles of organization with a view of forming a corporation to be known as Jabbok Faith Missionary Home and Orphanage, for the purposes as follows:—The preaching of the Gospel in every land and to maintain a Missionary Home for training and Bible School for the training of Missionary Workers, for Home and Foreign Mission Work.

Also to maintain an Orphans' Home; a Holiness school and also to maintain the publication of Christian Religious Literature. And those desiring to cooperate with the association can be received as Missionary Evangelists and other Gospel Workers, provided they are deemed worthy. All monies and property donated shall be used expressly for the purpose designated by the donor. With the principal place of business at Thomas, O. T. To exist perpetually.

And having complied with the provisions of the Statutes in such cases made and provided.

Therefore, the Territory of Oklahoma hereby grants unto the above named persons and their associates, successors and assigns, full authority by and under the said name of Jabbok Faith Training Home and Orphanage, to exercise the powers and privileges of a corporation, for the purposes stated and in accordance with their said articles of organization and the laws of this territory.

In Witness Whereof, These presents have been attested with the Great Seal, and signed by the Secretary of the Territory of Oklahoma, at Guthrie, the Twenty-sixth day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One.

Signed: WILLIAM GRIMES
Secretary of Oklahoma Territory.[51]

48. Interview with Mrs. Frank Miller, Herington, an orphan raised by the Eisenhowers.
49. *General Conference Index*, Article 12, 1910, p. 77.
50. *Evangelical Visitor*, anniversary number, August 28-29, 1937, pp. 58, 59.

From the beginning the work outgrew the limited physical plant. As many as five little girls were cared for at one time in the unfinished four-room cottage (two rooms were not yet plastered), and when two more applied for admission the children pleaded their cause. "Mamma," they begged (the children at Jabbok called Abe and Anna Papa and Mamma), "take them, we will make room for them somehow."[52] Perhaps because of its smallness, the Zooks did not remain with Jabbok long. After traveling through the Territory in a Gospel wagon, evangelizing Negroes and Indians[53] and pastoring in Beaver county, they returned to Tabor, Iowa, where for the next 30 years J. M. Zook ably served the educational and missionary interests of the HFMA.[54]

For the Eisenhowers, Jabbok was ever a "distributing" center, rather than a permanent home for orphans. They would have liked to fill their house several times a year if they could have found proper homes readily enough.[55] "It is very hard these days to find homes fit for children," Abe wrote, "so I make a plea to the church as we feel we would rather put children into homes among the Brethren than any other place."[56] In addition to being Christian and preferably Brethren, the family wishing to adopt a Jabbok child should be of "fair financial ability" and able to "conquer and train children."[57]

The Eisenhowers believed that the private home was decidedly superior to the best orphanage and afforded advantages which the institution could not. Knowing that such institutions existed of necessity, however, they entertained decided opinions as to how the orphanage should best be operated. In the first place, the institution should be rural rather than urban to discourage the-world-owes-me-a-living attitude accruing from doled out charity. On a farm a child could share in producing his own food and clothing, thus showing his economic importance, and gain thereby that feeling which the moderns call "belongingness." In the second place, the larger institution should consist of several small homes,

51. *Ibid.*
52. *Ibid.*, March 15, 1905.
53. *Sent of God*, February 19, 1903.
54. *Good Tidings . . .*, June 1, 1944.
55. *Evangelical Visitor*, December 15, 1906.
56. *Ibid.*, September 10, 1906.
57. *Ibid.*, December 15, 1906.

each housing about ten children, and manned by proper personnel, preferably a husband and wife team, with a superintendent in charge of the whole. Thirdly, orphans should be adopted as young as possible. Some of the applicants for admission to Jabbok were as young as three days old.[58] Abe and Anna personally placed the children, bearing all the expenses of railway transportation to and from the place of their adoption.[59]

In the course of time, so many little children came to the Eisenhower's cottage that Abe was soon convinced that there were more orphans in Oklahoma than in any other state, and so informed the *Evangelical Visitor*. In the article "Orphans in Oklahoma," he informs the subscribers why he believed this to be so:

> Our state is a place of great immigration of poor and rich. . . . widows leave other places and come here with large families and sharpers rob them and they are left in destitute circumstances. . . . men who were addicted to drink come to this place and of course here it flows free and breaks up homes. Wife and sister were out visiting and they found several women with families of little children in filth and rags who with tears told how husband got away and had not seen or heard of him for six months or two years. . . .[60]

Abe often received letters addressed to "Mr. Jabbok," appealing for aid. A typical example of his correspondence at this time was a letter received from a destitute widow at Caldwell, Kan. En route to Oklahoma, her consumptive husband died near the Kansas boundary line, leaving her with eight children, the oldest only 14. After disposing of her team and wagon and the wagonload of furniture to pay for the coffin and burial plot, the widow was penniless. "Please let me know by return mail whether you could take several of my children and I will try and support the rest," she wrote "Mr. Jabbok."[61]

Most of Jabbok's orphans came from broken homes, particularly homes wrecked by whisky, and from unmarried girls who freely abandoned their offspring.[62]

Little Eva, a baby with a spinal "condition," had to be held most of the time. This constant care was "wearing Anna down," and Abe appealed through the pages of the *Visitor* for a woman helper, as his wife had not had one good night's rest in 20 months, and they were expecting, moreover, a blind girl to arrive in a few days. They

58. *Ibid.*
59. *Ibid.*, September 1, 1906.
60. *Ibid.*
61. *Ibid.*, September 16, 1907.
62. *Ibid.*

also needed a man to help care for the children while they were out-of-doors. Abe promised them nothing but equality. He wrote:

> Any one coming here will be counted as one in the Home, bed and room furnished, eat at same table and if they need anything the same pocketbook buys for papa, mamma, children and all. When there is nothing they are expected to pray in faith with us.[63]

"Pray in faith"—that was the keynote of Jabbok policy—prayer for the sick, the stock, and the home. When one of the babies took sick, the Eisenhowers sent word to the brethren that a certain hour they should unite with the home in prayer for her recovery. Fever rebuked, the child was restored to them, they felt, through the power of prayer.[64] Likewise, prayers were made over ailing livestock, when Abe's veterinary skills failed.[65] A poor farmer could ill afford to lose a valuable Jersey cow if he had a dozen mouths needing the milk and butter.

A wagon rated a high place on their prayer list. The need for a larger and covered conveyance to taxi the children to church became a real must. The nearest Brethren church was at Bethany, three and a quarter miles across country, and the only way the home had of going was via a two-seated open spring wagon. Never could all 11 of them go to church at the same time.[66] Crowded conditions were bad enough, but rain, coming only occasionally but still too frequently for a topless carriage, pouring down on their blanket-covered heads was just too much.

The purchase of a suitable wagon was finally made possible through many donations. When it arrived, Abe set to work increasing the vehicle's passenger capacity by putting the back seats along the sides. On a spring day the wonderful wagon halted in front of the home, and although Anna was elbow-deep in a wash tub of laundry suds, children, mamma, papa, and all piled in and took a merry jaunt across the prairie.[67]

If Abe Eisenhower was president of Jabbok, its founder and organizer, his wife Anna was its secretary, keeping careful books and conscientiously informing the *Visitor* reading public of its current financial standing. Giving credit where credit was due, she often itemized gift and giver. Thus it can be seen that Brethren in Brown county, Kansas, were the donors of a box of bedding, clothing, and dried fruit; one man donated a barrel of apple vinegar;[68]

63. *Sent of God*, January 19, 1905.
64. *Evangelical Visitor*, March 15, 1905.
65. Interview with Mrs. Frank Miller.
66. *Evangelical Visitor*, January 15, 1908.
67. *Ibid.*, May 1, 1908.
68. *Ibid.*, January 15, 1908.

Ben Kraybill quit playing pool and gave one dollar toward the orphanage wagon; [69] and a class of Sunday school boys in Upland, Cal., chose to do without Christmas presents for themselves and sent $29.19 to Jabbok for gifts for the "friendless waifs." [70]

Donations did not always come in so freely, however. One of Anna's reports in 1909 shows that the total offerings received between May 21 and August 23 was $15 in cash and some fresh meat. In good years, of course, the farm produced most of their own foodstuff.

Thirty-five children in 10 years—that many waifs lived in Anna's home and learned to call her mama. Although her womb was barren, the fecundity of her heart fructified a hundredfold. Foundlings found in her an asylum after desertion; orphans, surcease after death; waifs, home after homelessness. When the physical body protested after endless rounds of diapering, darning, and dusting, washing dirty clothes and dirty faces, to say nothing of caring for chickens and cream, and minor cuts sustained in children's foolhardy play, love took over. When the physical said, "You cannot take in another child," love said, "By God's grace I will."

Christian workers came in occasionally to lift the load. But when they went on their way, pondering the avalanches of grit and grace needed for orphanage work, Anna carried on with fortitude between the four walls. Meanwhile, Abe farmed the quarter section and cared for the Jersey herd which supplied their tables and the town of Thomas with milk, and supplemented their uncertain income by performing veterinary services.

One Christian sister, Mrs. Amanda Dohner by name, visited the home early in 1908. After a restful night, she accompanied Mrs. Eisenhower to town the next morning, and kept the team while her hostess delivered butter, milk, cream, and eggs to Thomas residents. Not all the butter and cream and eggs were sold, she noted, for the home table was amply supplied with both. With the money received from her dairy and poultry products, Anna then went to a dry goods store and purchased some warm clothing for the children. Mrs. Dohner was mightily reminded that day of the words of Jesus: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me. . . ." Her conclusion to the whole matter was:

> I am very much pleased with the Jabbok Home. Brother Abraham and Sister Eisenhower manifest as much loving interest in the children as I see anywhere by parents, and, I think, is worthy of a word of praise and a helping hand by the church. They now have a comfortable house, but not yet well furnished. They move along strictly on the line of economy, and teach their children industry and economy, next to obedience to God and parents, and love and kindness and order among each other.[71]

69. *Ibid.*, March 16, 1908.
70. *Ibid.*, February 1, 1909.

Jabbok orphanage was an Eisenhower venture, unrelated to any church affiliation or organization until late in 1906. But in December of that year it became a recognized institution of the Brethren in Christ Church (River Brethren) and continues to remain so.[72]

By that time Abe's health, always somewhat frail, began a rapid decline, and he wished to dispose of his responsibilities. The Brethren, in their general conference of 1909, meeting at Abilene, accepted Jabbok from the Eisenhowers, with the provision that a certain sum of money be paid annually to them as long as they lived. Sections of Article 43 of that conference read as follows:

> ARTICLE 43. An Act of Conference considered and accepted an offer from Oklahoma District Council of the Brethren in Christ, Feb. 25-26, 1909.
>
> *Whereas,* Brother and Sister Eisenhouer [sic] do not feel able to carry on the Orphanage and Missionary Training Home under present conditions; therefore,
>
> SEC. 1. *Resolved,* That we do heartily recommend their proposition to General Conference for acceptance, and if necessary, we do hereby obligate ourselves to assume at least $300 per annum. . . .
>
> SEC. 2. An Act of Conference considered the above resolution, and the two wills made by Brother and Sister A. L. Eisenhouer, of Thomas, Oklahoma, in which they willed and conveyed a plot of ground consisting of 150 acres near Thomas, Oklahoma, together with farm implements and livestock and deeded a plot of ground consisting of ten acres, whereon at present is conducted the Jabbok Faith Orphanage, with good buildings, together with a complete outfit of farm implements and livestock for the consideration of one dollar on condition that the ten acre plot, together with the personal property can be sold and the proceeds applied wherever the Church sees proper with the further condition that the plot of 150 acres, together with the proceeds of the Church, shall be used for the support, of the aforesaid Orphanage. . . .
>
> In consideration of the generous spirit manifested in the donation of Brother and Sister A. L. Eisenhouer,
>
> SEC. 5. *Resolved,* That this Conference expresses her appreciation of the spirit of consecration in the act of donating the aforesaid properties, together with the appurtenances belonging thereto; and,
>
> SEC. 6. *Resolved,* That the expression of Conference is that a noble work has been done in the Orphanage effort and that it should be continued.[73]

With these sentiments, and a promise to pay the donors a sum of $500 per annum ($300 with the obligation of the Oklahoma church with the balance being paid, as per agreement, by the gen-

71. *Ibid.*, January 15, 1908.
72. *Ibid.*, December 15, 1906.
73. *General Conference Index*, Article 43, 1909.

eral church), Abe and Anna Eisenhower turned Jabbok over to the church.

In 1924, because of social welfare agencies and home finding societies, who thought nothing of placing Jabbok children in non-Christian homes, the orphanage phase was discontinued. The next year the conference laid plans for a Bible School and Missionary Training School which had been provided for in the Eisenhower-Zook charter of 1901. Missionaries going out from Jabbok school included Sadie Book Brechbill to Africa, Harvey C. Lady to Portuguese East Africa, and Mary Lenhert Eshleman to Rhodesia.[74]

By 1937 Jabbok had become an important dairy enterprise. Abe's Jersey herd, which supplied milk for Thomas, had become capable of supplying 4,000-5,000 quarts of milk per month.[75] This little community of 1,300 could not soon forget the couple, who, childless themselves, had made a home for the Oklahoma orphan. In the decade he worked the homestead, Abe had set out acres of orchards and put whole fields into berries. Though the Eisenhowers left before the orchard began to bear, long after they had moved to California, Thomas residents would come out in the spring to view pink acres of peach blossoms and the white blooms of a hundred pear and apple trees. And they knew that when the fruit that Jabbok students picked would be dried, crated, and shipped to mission fields across the sea.[76]

V. CONCLUSION

For six years after the Eisenhowers left Jabbok they did home missionary work in Ohio and Iowa. In the summer of 1915 they moved to Upland, Cal., where an early Brethren colony from Kansas had transformed the desert foothills into citrus groves and vineyards. Here, Abe and Anna met old Kansas friends, and here among the Brethren they lived a while, and performed, as they said, "what we can in a quiet way."[77] Later, when the altitude seemed to affect Abe's frail health, they moved down on the coast to Long Beach,[78] and then to Pasadena, where they remained many years. Both worked to supplement the $500 annual stipend they got from Jabbok. They took care of Pasadena homes when their owners were away.[79] They operated a home laundry, doing both

74. Anna R. Engle, John A. Climenhaga, and Leoda A. Buckwalter, *There Is No Difference* (Nappanee, Ind., E. V. Publishing House, 1950), pp. 369-373.
75. *Evangelical Visitor*, August 28-29, 1937, p. 58.
76. Interview with Mrs. Frank Miller.
77. *Evangelical Visitor*, May 17, 1915.
78. *Ibid.*, May 15, 1916.
79. *Ibid.*, September 24, 1917.

washing and ironing. Abe was adept at salvaging old and worn Bibles, binding them with the skill of a craftsman. Though their active church work was over, they felt they reached many in their "secret life of prayer."[80]

Abe rarely felt at home in any church. He no more belonged to Los Angeles than Daniel Boone would have belonged to Philadelphia. It was to him a religious no-man's-land, and for this reason he floated from place to place, endlessly looking for the old landmarks of yesteryear. It is told how, wherever he went to church during the war years of the 1940's, Abe had one special request: "Remember the General in prayer." One California pastor recalls that "during the war, while Dwight was yet a general in the army, Abe often stood up and requested prayer for him; he was burdened for his salvation, safety and usefulness."[81] After the conquest of North Africa, prayers and letters from Abe and Anna followed their nephew. Besides corresponding regularly with Dwight, Abe kept a wall map in his room on which he recorded the progress of the Allied forces with colored pins.[82]

Abe did not live to follow the last campaign. Old and ailing, he was taken back to Upland, to the home of Elder and Mrs. E. J. Broyles, where he spent his few remaining days. From his death bed, he looked up at the picture of his nephew, and said, "God has his hand on this boy. You will live to see him President of the United States."[83] On December 13, 1944, the *Evangelical Visitor* reported, "God saw fit to answer his prayer 'to open the skies and let me through.'"[84]

Anna lived in the Broyles home for eight years. When she died there, October 13, 1952, the tribute from the Brethren read: "Precious will be the memories of this outstanding life."[85] Three weeks later, Abe's prophecy of eight years before was fulfilled, when Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected President of the United States.

80. *Ibid.*, June 11, 1923.
81. The Rev. William H. Neff, personal letter, November 11, 1958.
82. Pasadena (Cal.) *Independent*, December 15, 1944.
83. Interview with the Rev. Mrs. Jemima Walker Mitchell, June 1, 1958.
84. *Evangelical Visitor*, January 15, 1945.
85. *Ibid.*, October 27, 1952.

Gladys Dodd

SYNOPSIS OF PROPOSED BOOK

If Americans love the history of the United States, as Gore Vidal suggests, they might enjoy learning about their religious heritage, an area often overlooked or distorted by humanist historians.

The purpose of my work is to

(1. provide a history of "little" people socially, religiously, and economically, as well as politically, using branches of my own family tree as a backdrop to the larger history.
(2. dispel some myths commonly held by the historically uninformed
(3. bring alive the forebears, weeping with them in their misfortunes, laughing with them, and sometimes, at them with their foibles, and rejoicing and worshipping with them.

This work is a narrative reconstruction of my people, and the places and the events of their times, 1630 - 1795. It became increasingly apparent to me as research progressed over time, that a re-creation of their religious heritage was necessary. Indeed, it has come to dominate the narrative for the colonial period, both in New England and the Middle Colonies.

The scope of the original project was to tell the personal history of these 17th, 18th and 19th century people, 1630 - 1900. The work has already grown rather voluminous, in actuality and in potential, that for publishing purposes I feel obliged to end this phase of the story about the end of the American Revolution.

The outline then is as follows, with indications of length and progress toward completion duly noted:

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I. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS:
The Gilletts, the Geneva Bible People

A. In England
1. At the Chaffcombe parsonage
2. Among the Devonshire yeomanry

B. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony
1. The Dorchester settlement as a new Zion
2. Conflict with the Boston oligarchy

C. In the Connecticut Valley
1. Saints in Settlement at Windsor
2. Saints in Conflict with Indians, and among themselves
3. The Great Awakening
a. Jersey Dutch revivalism
b. Edwardian revivalism

(All the above has been researched and writing completed; 200 pages.)

D. In Bucks County, Pennsylvania
Rev. William Thomas, lay preacher, Welsh Baptist

(Research has only begun; pedigree skeleton completed; needs to be flesh out, although adequate sources may be wanting here).

II. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS:
"The Flying Angel", and the Coleslaw People

A. The Colonial Dutch Reformed of Ulster County, New York

(Research and writing completed; 225 pages)

B. The Colonial Quakers
The Cornells, a "Peculiar People".

(Research in its initial stages).

III. BRITISH CHAINS: FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD
The Yankee Doodle Patriots: - Privates Gillett, Burr, Van de Mark, Coddington, Tippie, Thomas, Watson, Goldsberry.

(Much research completed, and some writing accomplished).

**** **** **** **** THE END **** **** **** ****

(The original project was to include:
IV. Settlers of the Old West: the Hog and Hominy Grit People (largely completed).
V. The Republic of Texas: The Austins; Freeman Thomas massacre by Apache chieftain Cochise . (The Thomas story has been researched.)
VI. Homesteaders: the 6 1/2 yr. guerrilla war over slavery in "bleeding Kansas" completed; 190 pages)
VII. The Hardtack Boys in Blue (research nearly completed; partially written).

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A. In England
1. At the Ghaffcombe parsonage
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D. a. Jersey Dutch revivalism
b. Edwardian revivalism.

(All the above has been researched and writing completed;
500 pages.)

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Rev. William Thomas, lay preacher, Welsh Baptist

(Research has only begun; doctrine skeleton completed;
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written).

RELEVANT NOTES:

These 30 pages comprise the total of two lectures recently presented to a Presbyterian Sunday School class in its study of "The Religious Foundations of America". This material is selected from my research relating to an in-depth interpretation of several branches of my own colonial family tree. As all family persons mentioned here were of humble origins, their stories required patient research over a long period of time.

First lecture: "THE PURITANISM OF THE GILLETTS IN NEW ENGLAND."

Second lecture: THE INFLUENCES OF THE GREAT AWAKENING IN THE PURITAN GILLETTS, AND THE DUTCH REFORMED ROSENCRANS AND VAN DE MARK CLANS". *

These lecture notes were drawn from a much larger work, much of it popularly written using a story line. The nature of the Sunday School class request determined the rather concentrated theological treatment of its content.

The lectures do serve to illustrate the significance of religion in the lives of real "little" people who influenced their times far less than they were influenced in turn by the religious and political movers and shakers of the colonial period. And herein lies a tale.

I believe my people's stories are relevant for our times, for so must we little people of today find our place in the scheme of things as we come to grips with similiar formidable influences.

* GEN CHARTS - IV, V

RELEVANT NOTES:

These 30 pages comprise the total of two lectures recently presented to a Presbyterian Sunday School class in its study of "The Religious Foundations of America". This material is selected from my research relating to an in-depth interpretation of several branches of my own colonial family tree. As all family persons mentioned here were of humble origins, their stories required patient research over a long period of time.

First lecture: "THE PURITANISM OF THE GILLETTS IN NEW ENGLAND."

Second lecture: THE INFLUENCES OF THE GREAT AWAKENING IN THE PURITAN GILLETTS, AND THE DUTCH REFORMED ROSEKRANS AND VAN DE MARK CLANS".

These lecture notes were drawn from a much larger work, much of it popularly written using a story line. The nature of the Sunday School class request determined the rather concentrated theological treatment of its content.

The lectures do serve to illustrate the significance of religion in the lives of real "little" people who influenced their times far less than they were influenced in turn by the religious and political movers and shakers of the colonial period. And herein lies a tale.

I believe my people's stories are relevant for our times, for so must we little people of today find our place in the scheme of things as we come to cope with similar formidable influences.

Dr. Bruce Shelley
Professor of Church History
Denver Seminary

Dear Professor:

Through the kindness of Sunday School teachers Gail and Lee Pierce of the Bear Valley Presbyterian Church where I was recently invited to lecture, I have been encouraged to seek advice from history knowledgeable persons regarding book material I hope to submit to publishers.

The senior pastor of said church recommended you. He stated that I should send you a personal biographical sketch, credentials, brief synopsis, and a sampling of this narrative for your perusal and comment.

If you would be so kind as to look at the contents of the enclosed packet and render judgment as to its publishing potential, I would be deeply grateful.

Please find enclosed a self-addressed envelope, together with postage, for its return, and with your comments if you so desire, at your convenience.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Gladys Dodd

Gladys Dodd, M.A., M.Div.
4494 West 65th Avenue
Arvada, Colorado 80003

A SAMPLE: NARRATIVE, WITH STORY LINE

These 44 assembled pages consist of a sampling of popularly written narrative, extracted from a larger researched work, on ancestors Catrina Van de Mark and her spouse Joseph Coddington, 40 years schoolmaster and voorleser in the Dutch Reformed Church in provincial New York in the village of New Paltz, from 1755 on.

The dates and events cited here are historically accurate. I have, of course, taken some liberty in studiously interpreting that data as it applied to the specific emotions and daily movements of this colonial couple playing out their roles in flesh and blood.

GENEALOGICAL CHART RELEVANT TO THIS SELECTED SKETCH:-

YOUR GENEALOGICAL CHART

8th Gen. Descendant of Catrina Van de Mark and Jos. Coddington, schoolmaster

GLADYS DODD

Name 4494 W. 65th Ave.

Address ARVADA, CO. 80003

City State Zip

1 CATRINA VAN DE MARK
Born 13 Jan. 1734
Where ULSTER CO., N.Y.
When Married 18 Feb. 1753
Died
Where
JOSEPH CODDINGTON
Spouse 1732 ? - 1800 ?
[Voorleser, Schoolmaster]

Your Brothers & Sisters

~~GYSBERT~~	~~1732~~
ARY	1737
~~SYLVESTER~~	~~1740~~
JOHN	1745
~~SARAH~~	~~1748~~
JOSEPH	1751

2 JACOB VandeMark
Father
Born 7 My, 1710
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.
When Married 17 My. 1730
Died
Where ULSTER CO.NY

3 CHRISTINA VAN-
Mother GARDEN
Born 18 Sept. 1709
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.
Died
Where ULSTER CO.N.Y.

4 ARIE VANdeMARK
Paternal Grandfather
Born 1675
Where ULSTER CO. N.Y.
When Married 27 Ag. 1699
Died
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.

5 SAARTJE BOND (Bont)
Paternal Grandmother
Born
Where SCHENECTADY, N.Y.
Died
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.

6 GYSBERT VAN GARDEN
Maternal Grandfather
Born ca. 1660
Where Albany, N.Y. ?
When Married by 1680
Died after 1728
Where ULSTER CO. N. Y.
aka Gysbert Albertse

7 RACHEL ROSENCRANS
Maternal Grandmother
Born 21 Ag. 1663
Where ULSTER CO. N.Y.
Died
Where

Papist

8 THOS. VANdeMARK
Great Grandfather
Born 1643 Where HOLL
When Married 1674. Kingston N.Y.
Died 1724 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

9 JACOBMYNTJE JACOBS
Great Grandmother
Born Where
Died 1693 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

HENDRICK LAMBERTSEN BONT
10
Great Grandfather
Born Where
When Married
Died Where

11
Great Grandmother
Born Where
Died Where

ALBERT GYSBERTSEN
Arr. in Am. 1659 on "FAITH"
12
Great Grandfather
Born Where
When Married
Died 1665 Where Kingston, N.Y.

13 AELTJE WYSGART
Great Grandmother
Born Where HOLL., Heerde
Died Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

HARMON HENDRIKS ROSENCRANS
14
Great Grandfather
Born Where HOLL. or NOR.
When Married 3 MAR. 1659 - N.Y.C.
Died 1697 Where Ulster Co. N.Y.

15 MAGDALEN DIRX
Great Grandmother
Born Where Amsterdam
Died after 1703 Where HOLL. Ulster Co. N.Y.
aka "The Flying Angel"

In Ulster County in 1753, small pox and flood, Indian scare and revivalism of hell fire and schism did little to dampen the ardor of youth. Romance continued to blossom as did springtime spitzenburghs and pippins. Strong smelling cowbarns did not squelch romantic notions in the heads of yellow haired maidens on milking stools making their pipe-smoking papas more comfortable with every squeeze, with all the cream money coming in.

Jacob and Christina Van de Marks' children fell in love untouched by tragic and divisive surroundings, and married, mostly into Dutch families. And most in the church.

Catrina, the oldest girl, was different; more independent, like the unflagging spirit of her colorful great-grandmother, the Flying Angel still remembered with wry humor in the Rochester community.

The young man of Catrina's choice was not a buttermaker, not in Mormel cheese production, and not Dutch.

He was an Englishman. An Englishman among a Dutch people conquered by the English in the days of Petrus Stuyvesant, and harassed in one way or another by these Anglos ever since!

Had Catrina lost her mind? And give up everything, Catrina!

Little wonder aunts and older female cousins over hill and kill were aghast. Dutch women had ever felt more comfortable with the traditional Dutch religion and customs, AND were less apt to be swayed by either Anglicanism or Americanization.

And with good reason. English common law held to patriarchal-primogeniture traditions. Under Holland's more equitable Justinian law Dutch women were guaranteed more rights - in owning their own property - single or widowed, in keeping their maiden names, in conducting their own businesses, in appearing in their own behalf in courts, and even were known to occasionally serve on a jury.

She wanted to shuck the linsey-woolsey shapeless gown and wooden clogs worn to the cowbarns for milking chores. She was tired of the cowbarn stench, too. Leather shoes with small silver buckles were more to her liking, to be worn every day, not just Sabbath. And gardens of lilies and tulips to tend, not turnip patches. And maybe a china cup of British tea on winter afternoons sitting in a parlor wing chair in a splash of sun. Life with an Englishman could not be all bad.

On a cold day, 18 February, 1753, supply domine Mancius heard Catrina Van de Mark and Joseph Coddington repeat their marriage vows at nearby Rochester, for now her parents affiliated with the Freling-huysen kerk, since that pietist pastor had come to serve that congregation.

After the marriage, Joseph Coddington the groom was to realize that call as voorleser, down in the Wallkill Valley at the village of New Paltz. The Huguenot village which had gone Dutch as the Dutch themselves, at least in worship and in language. The village founded by one Louis DuBois the Walloon, neighbor of Harmon the woodcutter and the Flying Angel in old Wildwyck.

Joseph spoke Dutch well, and taught two generations of Huguenot children at this village in that language. Never again was New Paltz to employ a village schoolmaster who taught as many terms as he who married the country Dutch girl, Catrina Van de Mark. For 35 years and more, he taught the three R's and the Heidelberg Catechism, from 1755 to nearly the end of the century.

But for Catrina his wife, French lace would be hard to come by. Even in a French village.

So Joseph Coddington and Catrina Van de Mark were wed and set up housekeeping in Rochester. They attended divine services here conducted by the Jersey Domine, Henricus Frelinghuysen (Jacob's brother) whose religious fervor surely warmed their hearts. At least, Joseph's; Catrina was less moved by this show of religious enthusiasm. She had too much at stake, in the potential loss of certain freedoms enjoyed by Dutch women from the earliest settlement.

Perhaps Joseph became the Domine's assistant here helping with the catechism, for he made a good name for himself. For income he may have tended gardens or looms set up in cottage industries as did his Puritan forebear, John Coddington the weaver, at Woodbridge 70 miles to the south; and probably put his hand to the plow in Van de Mark fields of Indian corn between Heidelberg sessions.

In 1755 their firstborn came along; she was christened Catrina for her mother, and was loyally received into the kerk by her grandparents Jacob and Christina Van de Mark, sponsors at the baby's baptism, January 19.

This infant was still in her hooded cradle when her papa received the call "to come over into Macedonia" to help with the church down at New Paltz.

As the Dutch had ever been more prolific with producing progeny than with persuading preachers to fill their pulpits, there had always been a perpetual shortage of ministers from the beginning. But from the earliest days a properly appointed voorleser could carry on limited divine services between visiting ministers or the appointments of a settled clergy, as we have seen in the case of Guiliam Bertholf appointed by Domine Selyns.

Barent Vrooman was the first Dutch domine installed at New Paltz, 1753-54; with this appointment the Dutch language entered the pulpit here for the first time. And this tongue, too, would soon end unless a Dutch school be established, and its failure meant the demise of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Now in 1755 New Paltz was between pastors. The call went out. The young Englishman at Rochester seemed promising as he was pious and prepared, and spoke Dutch. Would he become the storied Hans to thrust his finger in the hole in the dike to keep back English attempts at assimiliation which threatened to flood Dutch culture and hence sweep away its Reformed Church? It now was becoming difficult to maintain a Dutch kerk in an English world as the city of New York was learning.

Soon after Rev. Vrooman took leave to use his degree from the University of Utrecht and his Classis credentials to promising places elsewhere, Joseph Coddington saddled a horse and rode the 20 miles down to the Wallkill Valley to learn what he could learn regarding the Macedonian summons. He may have been recommended by Rev. Henricus Frelinghuysen who sometimes supplied this pulpit.

Keeping an open mind and open heart, he may have learned more about this Huguenot village from a historical perspective than the present state of spiritual things, or of what could be expected in a monetary way for a young man seeking the position of voorleser and schoolmaster.

Now New Paltz had become less French than Dutch, a fact no better illustrated than by the sale of Tebenin's Bible. In a will some 20 years earlier, Jean Tebenin, the French schoolmaster, donated his property and his Bible to the Walloon Church with the prescient request that should the French language ceased to be used in New Paltz

(the inference being, as God intended) that his copy of the Geneva printed Bible be sold and the proceeds given to the poor.

That French Bible offered at public auction was now in the hands of a Hasbrouck, descendant of one of the original Patentees. For by now only the sons and grandsons of the Patentees inhabited the village of New Paltz.

The Dutch invasion, by bloodless conquest of the marriage contract, had long infiltrated the surrounding countryside. Here they built their huge Dutch barns and smaller houses with divided doors, and blended in worship and tongue until the local language had become a hodgepodge of English, Dutch, and French, with some Indian sign thrown in for clarity if all else failed in communication. A Dutch school was needed to straighten things out, to preserve the delicate balance of these three cultures.

Assimilation of tongue or ethnic background presented no real barrier to Joseph Coddington. Growing up as he did in heterogeneous New Jersey, he had long rubbed shoulders with French Protestants who had met with the approval of Peter Minuit and Petrus Stuyvesant for settlement from earliest times, and with the Scotch-Irish and German, the Quakers and the Dutch. Many languages, several religious persuasions.

How was it that French exiles fleeing Louis XIV founded a Huguenot town, giving it the German name New Paltz, and that their Calvinist grandsons came to employ an Englishman of Puritan extraction who spoke and wrote Dutch to teach 35 years in the only school in town run by the only church in town, the Dutch Reformed? What was expected here? A <u>voorleser</u> who was a diplomat, a saint, a preserver of the faith once delivered, a bridge, a church mouse?

This Englishman, Joseph Coddington, was to hear the Walloon story in New Paltz. How fleeing persecution of the French kings they had come to the Dutch colony to pursue their mercantile interests in the more tolerant clime of New Amsterdam, and its environs up and across the Hudson.

By 1663 a Walloon presence was felt in Ulster County in the persons of Blanchan and his sons-in-law DuBois and Crispell, and a score of others settling old Wildwyck. These latter Huguenot exiles in particular had found temporary refuge earlier in the German Palatinate, mostly at Meinheim, before venturing down the Rhine to Rotterdam,and embarking on the Gilded Otter and San Jan Baptiste for New Netherlands.

Later by a decade or more a contingent of these French settlers made one more move, their last before taking up permanent abode in the "Better Land" inevitably brought into view only at death's door. They left Dutch Kingston and Hurley to establish their own enclave, to preserved their own language, their preferred method of worship, and the French translation of the Scriptures printed in Calvin's Geneva, and the general purity of their heritage, mugh as the English Pilgrims had done in Holland before taking ship by way of the Mayflower to America to really preserve their heritage in isolation.

A safe time after the last Esopus raids, Louis DuBois, the Wildwyck Walloon, and 11 other related Huguenots came to this fertile valley below the Shawangunk rampart and dickered with remaining Indians for a large tract along the Wallkill. And paid for it. In hardgoods - 40 each of kettles, axes, adzes, and oars; 100 each of lead bars, knives, needles, and awls. In soft goods - many shirts and stockings, blankets and pieces of duffel cloth. Of miscellaneous -

1 keg of powder, 4 of wine, 1 measure of tobacco and 700 strings of wampum beads, both black and white. For nearly 40,000 acres, i.e. 144 square miles that reached from Rondout Creek right down to the banks of the Hudson River.

Well, it was more than that other Huguenot Peter Minuet paid for Manhattan Island!

The real transaction then began when one of their number, Abraham Hasbrouck who had served once in the British army in England alongside Edmund Andros appealed to his old military acquaintance, now Gov. Andros, for the real patent to their recently purchased Indian land.

These 12 Patentees, all literate farmers, then opened up Wallkill prairie lands that needed little clearing with forest ax except along the kill.

From chests of goods brought from home, which may have contained considerable resources, for most had derived from endangered prominent families in France if not the lesser nobility itself, they set up housekeeping in houses of log. But these long kept their counsel until after the English-French hostilities finally ceased in the upper colonies, for French Canada was altogether too near, and Louis XIV was not far enough away by a long shot as he was bent on French Protestant head hunting, even in America. And they wanted no reprisals on their families still in Europe.

It would become evident in the French-and-Indian war looming on the horizon that the New Paltz Walloons feared the Louis kings, with good reason. Moreover these villagers, unlike many urbane Huguenots in other places, resisted assimilation with the old national rival England in whose colony they now lived. At the same time they looked down their noses at Dutch clodhoppers, but still latched on to their tongue for communication.

The Walloons were not an untroubled people.

But their first act upon reaching the Wallkill ford was to sing a psalm, the 37th:

> Fret not thyself because of evil doers . . . Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed . . . The meek shall inherit the earth. . . A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked . . . Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore . . . And the Lord shall help them . . .

Then the Frenchmen named their settlement; Die Pfalz, what else? Their former place of refuge, Pfalz in Germany.

But they were a prudent lot, enough to construct at ~~one~~ ONCE a log fort on the higher ground, which was replaced in 1705 by a stone house complete with portholes for firing on savage foes, or any other enemy. For Gov. Andros had granted the patent on condition a redoubt be built as a retreat for protection.

In the 20th century this structure is still called DuBois Fort; it never has been fired upon. In many ways the village that grew up around it remained a peaceful place. It never even had a resident lawyer until 1873 long after the original Patentees (and for that matter, even late comer Joseph Coddington, schoolmaster) rested in their mossied graves. JOSEPH'S OWN ATTORNEY ONCE WAS N.Y. ITINERANT AARON BURR, GRANDSON OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Though the village bore a German name, the Patentee's own names were mostly French: - DuBois the Walloon, negotiator of the Indian deed and acclaimed founder, and his two sons by Trene, daughter of Hurley's miller Mattys Blanchan. The cultured Beviers; the well-educated Le Fevres; Hugo Freer, whose children a-typically married into Dutch famliies; old Christian Deyo, the successful farmer and his son Pierre; Antoine Crispell; Hasbrouck, the military leader and erst-while army acquaintance of Gov. Andros, and his brother Jean, the merchant.

These were and remained the ruling families in New Paltz as late as 1823, the benefactors of an unique type of government ruled by the Duzine (12 elders), wherein was elected one representative from each of the Patentee families to govern the town.

It was this Duzine who appealed to Coddington for help with the church, and perhaps through the recommendations of the visiting ministers - the Frelinghuysen brothers, sons of the Jersey revivalist and strong supporters of the Coetus. Then, on the other side, was Domine Mancius of the Conferentie, who fiercely claimed this Wallkill church as one of the 39 daughter churches he and old Domine Vas had organised. Therein lay the burr under the saddle of discomfort!

For this reason relations with the Kingston church had not been entirely amicable. The Conferentie claimed that some New Paltz clergy held dubious credentials. Meaning they had not gone to Amsterdam to be ordained by the Classis, and therefore had no right to administer Holy Communion. To which New Paltz spokesmen in the sons of Bevier and Hasbrouck testily replied, it was indeed an independent congregation from the days of the French clergy, and had its own legally elected consistory, thank you! It could vote its own pastor.

The charges were partly ~~ture~~ TRUE. John H. Goetschius for instance, who supplied the pastorate 1750-52, had been "irregularly" ordained in America. By revivalists.

It would behoove this prospective voorleser Joseph Coddington to quickly ascertain which side the Duzine and God was on, and walk circumspectly in these locally troubled waters. But would he? He was only in his mid-twenties, and short of experience and wisdom.

When Coddington reached the Wallkill, he swam his horse at dusk at the scow crossing. He most wanted to see the Walloon church in the south end of the village before full darkness settled down.

It was not hard to locate, for the village was small; primarily a single street of some 20 stone dwellings. It was always to remain small in Joseph's day.

Even as late as 1820 after he had passed on, it consisted of only 20 dwellings, and 2 each of stores, hotels, cake and beer shops, and one blacksmith shop, a schoolhouse and church.

It was the quaint French church, four-square as the Gospels, which captured Coddington's attention, for here would rest his duties as voorleser and schoolmaster, the tasks that went together like Paul and Silas, or, at least, like pork and cabbage. And this Dutch school was essential to insure the future of the Dutch language, the preferred tongue of the Lord and the righteous at this place.

Constructed in 1720 of stone to replace the temporary log one, it had been called the "house of prayer" in those early days of the two French ministers to serve here until . For these earnest Huguenots like the Puritans of New England disliked the word "church"; it was more Protestant to speak of the meeting house, or the Lord's house.

Only 32 feet square, it reflected the religious shape of the French preference, not the Popish rectangle with center aisle leading to the altar, for rectangular had become suspect. The Dutch themselves leaned toward the hexagonal or octogonal floor plan; and the Petrine symbol, the cock weathervane on the cupola. A visual reminder that the Apostle Peter, altogether too frail in his hour of testing, thrice denied his Lord.

Stepping back into the gathering shadows to survey the mossied hip roof crowned with its cupola, Joseph noted the ubiquitous cock weathervane. A solemn warning to those who turn back on the Lord. Feed my sheep, the Lord told Peter, and this humble schoolmaster standing there.

Passing somberly the burial plots of the original Patentees to the stoop porch supported by two posts, he swung to the single door on its iron hinges.

The small paned windows admitted little light. Everything was small; Pews for 50 or 60 at best. From three sides pews faced a pulpit centered on the south wall. Here would stand the domine, the real man of God, with the Word of God. Or himself the voorleser in the frequent absence of the domine, for the church over on the Shawangunk rampart was to share him as pastor. Over there was the parsonage. Here in New Paltz the pastor had only a "prophet's chamber".

He peered at the adzed beamed ceiling, and into the dark opening of the cupola. Only a small man like himself could shinney up the ladder to blow the horn for meeting,or sound the red alarm. Or maybe the brave boy he would have some day, for his Catrina hoped for a Joseph, jr.

He turned back to the open door. The darkened candle sconces even when lit would reveal little of the walls, or of the wide planking in the pine flooring. How could schoolchildren read their letters on dark winter days, or see to cipher their numbers?

But despite its severity in appearance and its smallness, Joseph was quietly elated. Here a man could serve God and His people, long the desire of his heart. Now would he stand the test of the Duzine

Stepping back into the gathering shadows to survey the massive
gray roof crowned with its cupola, Joseph noted the ubiquitous cock
weathervane. A solemn warning to those who turn back on the Lord.
Feed my sheep, the Lord told Peter, and this humble schoolmaster
standing there.

Passing soberly the burial plots of the original Petersons to
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the desire of his heart. How would he stand the test of the domine

examination? Did he know the Bible and the Canons of Dort? Could he read and write well in two languages? Could he recite prayers appropriate for both a public congregation, and the privately ill? Was he able to instruct the sick in the way of salvation, to comfort them and help them prepare to die, and that willingly? Did his voice qualify to line Psalms in the traditional way? Was his theology correctly Calvinist, and would his conversion experience pass muster?

Out in the dark he quickly mounted and rode up the street to s stone building, for his wife's Van de Mark kin out in the country across the kill had told him where to ~~oeate~~ LOCATE the tavern for lodging. His body ached for much needed rest and food before reporting on the morrow for a meeting with the Duzine at the Old Fort. The ruling Duzine of uncertain church loyalties.

A day or so later he had the confirmation of his appointment to this village of no pastor and no parsonage in his saddlebag. Aboard the scow with his horse tied to it behind, he crossed the Wallkill.

He sped up the Shawangunk rampart on "beautiful feet", the ones the Old Testament poet talked about, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings . . . ."

But old dobbin merely plodded all the way uphill to Catrina and the baby daughter in the Mormel cheese country.

Joseph, the new voorleser, chorister, and schoolmaster of New Paltz, worried not a whit about the modest quarters assigned them. He had secured a roof for three Coddington heads. His Lord had less.

Catrina had little objection to leaving parents Jacob and Christina Van de Mark to their Mormel cheese and butter, for if she ever entered another Dutch cowbarn it would be too soon. Her papa had half-teased her then and said now he would have to buy a slave like one bought at auction by Uncle Thomas, to take her place at the milk stool and churns.

Well!

Anyway, she and Joseph would be scarcely more than a score of miles from the homestead and her brothers and sisters, and the rollicking good times they had always shared in winter sleighs and summer strawberry outings. Besides, she had kin down in the valley; her papa's dear departed Uncle Aug had taken up land there before she had been born. In these two generations, her many cousins had swelled the Dutch influence both in numbers and in church membership at New Paltz. Wasn't it jolly that four of her girl cousins joined that church during Domine Goetschius' recent ministry on the very same day - Jacomyntie, Catrina named as herself, and twins Leah and Rachel - all on "confession of faith" - whatever that meant down there! With cousins across the kill, it was not like being severed from the warmth of family connections forever.

But the one thing she would not take in her wooden chest to this New Paltz was her own Rochester church certificate, to transfer her own membership to the Walloon church, whatever Joseph was going to do with his. Had the Walloon church really become orthodox Dutch Reformed? Anyway, her mama thought it prudent to wait. The French had different views about women. From the beginning both parents had held some reserve about the whole venture. Papa even bellowed upon receiving the intelligence of their proposed departure.

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Go where, on what stipend? He was not shy to say they should stay among the cowbarns and the great Butterfield grazing lands of peace and plenty to raise the grandchildren coming on.

Some misgiving may have filled her own flaxen head as she held a fussy baby on her hip,and watched the family help dear Joseph with loading the borrowed ox cart with her chest of linens, his chest of books, a crate of chickens, a rush bottom chair, and the hooded cradle.

Perhaps the distaff kin had a more compassionate inkling that hard times were just around the bend, the last one before New Paltz village came into view, for aunts and cousins tucked in little extras - a homespun linen sheet, a smoked ham, some woollen diapers.

They were loaded to the tailgate. Not so much as another fresh cruller could be added to their freight.

The good_byes were stiff and awkward. She was the first to leave the family nest; except for Gysbert who had briefly served as drummer and had been discharged from the army at age 14!

They started out with the top heavy load, poor as Job, but also much like Abraham,called to go out not knowing whither he went.

Wait! The screech came from Catrina's seven year old sister. In her hand Sarah came flying, all yellow-stockinged legs like a scrawny pullet, carrying the ~~birch~~ BRUSH broom. She handed it over, lips trembling, much as a very young soldier would surrender his sword after an ignominous defeat.

In compassion Catrina, handing the baby up to Joseph mounted alongside on the only horse they owned, scrambled from the cart to catch her baby sister to her own wrenching heart.

It broke the tension, and they all had a good cry then, with much purple apron mopping of copious tears.

Joseph and the rest of the men up from the barns all bravely mingled together like robust harvesters about to sit down to the laden board of country goodness in thanksgiving to God and bounteous nature.

Joseph then propped up the forgotten broom at the tailgate. Was it a sailless mast to this old scow of a boat?

Then they headed out to the open seas of the untried and unknown, much as their ancestors had done in crossing the wide Atlantic.

Fifteen year old brother Sylvester was spared by papa to go down with them to help along the way. With precious shelled corn in his pocket and a stout stick he drove the pair of scrawny shoats, and he hoped to be as useful going down the valley as well as bringing back the ox cart.

The rough path that passed for a road managed to weaken an axle in a boggy hole, necessitating a stopover at cousin Abraham's place for repairs. She was glad to see the cousins again, and even more grateful when prospering Abraham promised them a calf in the spring when the cow freshened. He could afford it. Besides, all the Van de Marks here were strong supporters of the New Paltz church and heartily approved of the Coddington appointment even if papa Jacob did not.

To her dying day Catrina was never to forget her humble entrance into the village near dusk, as they got away late from the cousins who also added garden gifts to the repaired cart despite the drought that season. So much so that Catrina teased, Stop! you'll break the axle again! Undersized cabbages for rain had been withheld that summer, and some new gourd dippers. They promised a keg of cider if fall apples came to fullness.

She wondered if they looked like Dutch clodhoppers to the few children playing in the village street - she bedraggled after two days on the dusty cart with the fretful baby, Joseph silent, lost in thought astride the horse, and Sylvester manfully struggling behind with uncooperative hungry porkers.

Joseph wanted to linger before the French church, but she had him urge the ox on to spare the baby from another lurching hour.

With fondness she recalled the well known family stories with which all the descendants of old Wildwyckers were regaled to let them know the true meaning of "the olden days". Among these heroic tales were those of Louis DuBois who lived in Wildwyck in the days of her great grandparents - Harmon the woodcutter and the Flying Angel, of Thomas Van de Mark the Papist, and of deacon Albert Gysbertsen the magistrate, all of whom knew the Walloon well as the Louis whose wife was threatened with Capt. Broadhead's bear knife; the Louis whose Trene and three children were captured by Esopus the day old Niew Dorp was fired to an ash heap by the same marauders; the Louis who himself later that year fended off singly handed three ambushing Indians with a piece of palisade he carried to beat the bushes in dark woods while searching for his strayed cattle. This was Louis the founder of New Paltz, her new home.

Joseph rode alongside then and told her about the Duzine, which one lived in which house they were passing in the gloam. Removing her dust cap, she glanced discreetly and enviously at the elegant stone houses.

Oh, they were something to behold, these commodious dwellings as became the descendants of the Patentees of means!

First was the house with J.H. plainly initialed in iron above the door. The house of Jean Hasbrouck the merchant now long gone, but not his three floors of storage and store shelves of wonderful merchandise - updated imported bolts of cloth and chinaware, exotic spices and tea, and Lord knew what all being offered by the new merchant.

Joseph spoke in low tones. The living room which he had seen on his other trip held Queen Anne furniture, gate-leg tables, and slat-back chairs, one for everyone. Imagine!

After Deyos, they paused the merest moment before DuBois', supposedly to let the ox adjust its chaffing yoke. She knew better. Joseph wanted her to see the iron figures dating the old fort. There on the east end - 1705. The house still had portholes and a cellar great enough to quarter troops if necessary. A new generation DuBois lived here, comfortable as a lord before his great fireplace.

Bevier's place had a cellar kitchen, and a hand dug well with a long well sweep now being manned by a Negro servant. She would have overlooked this dusky figure had it not been wearing a white kerchief. Another servant inside the house was placing lighted candles. Wonder of wonders! She could count the pale yellow panes. A thirty paned window in the living room, and a ten paned transom over the door! Such luxury, for England had placed a heavy tax on glass! Talk about extravagance!

Someone moved in the deepening shadows of the drought stricken herb garden at the Abraham Hasbrouck place. First off Joseph mentioned, a touch enviously she thought, the Dutch writing table with mother-of-pearl inlay inside that house. His own writing tables had

First was the house with A.R. Dimity initialed in iron above the door. The house of linen Heathrose the merchant, now long gone, but not his three floors of storage and store shelves of wonderful merchandise - updated imported cotts of cloth and oddments, exotic spices and tea, and Lord knew what all being offered by the new merchant.

Joseph spoke to Joe Jones. The living room which he had seen on his other trip held queen anne furniture, gate-leg tables, and elaborate desks, one for everyone. Inspired!

After Joyce, they passed the barest concept before Dimity, purposely to let the ox adjust its startling pace. She knew better. Joseph wanted her to see the iron figures dating the old town. There on the east end - 1705. The house still had portholes and a cellar great enough to quarter troops if necessary. A new generation Dimity lived here, comfortable as a lord before his great fireplace.

Dexter's place had a cellar kitchen, and a dyed dug well with a long well sweep now being manned by a Negro servant. She would have overlooked this dusky figure had it not been wearing a white periwig, leather servant inside the house was placing lighted candles. Wonder of wonders! She could count the pale yellow pipes. A thirty paned window to the living room, and a ten paned transom over the door! Good Lawry, for England had placed a heavy tax on glass! Talk about extravagance!

Dimity stood in the deepening shadows of the drought stricken herb garden at the Abraham Heathrock place. First off Joseph mentioned, a touch anxiously she thought, the Dutch writing table with mother-of-pearl inlay inside that house. His own writing tables had

always been planed pine and not overly smooth. There too was a Bible box containing the FRENCH schoolmaster's French Bible which Daniel the present resident had bought at auction. That's why we're here, Catrina, she heard her husband explain softly. The French language has gone the way of all flesh - to its doom.

Admittedly worldly in yearning, she was more interested in the Hasbrouck's living room of seven doors, for goodness' sakes! And the winged chairs, and tiled fireplace above which gleamed chestnut beams. Their cellar kitchen was the center of village social life. She was about to ask if they frolicked at dancing here, when Joseph mentioned the Lows in residence at this northernmost Patentee stone, for Johannes M. Low had married a Freer. The Freer house had small casement windows, large beehive chimneys, a steep pitched roof, and a windowed attic. From this upper window a lad silhouetted by candlelight leaned on the sill and was wonderfully singing to the top of his lungs. He was eight and his name was Simeon.

Joseph chuckled. He would be a handful, he told Catrina. But he may not have chuckled had he known then that in three decades this same Simeon would replace him as chorister at the church, and with the new music!

Joseph halted the ox before their own place in the darkness. It was hard to make out. Small, certainly. In need of whitewash probably, or it would have appeared more visible in the early dark.

The young papa carried the hooded cradle up the dry weedy flagstone path. The baby in it slept at last. Catrina struggled along behind with the smudgy flashpan in one hand, and with a pair of candles and the tinder box in the other. Sylvester brought up the skinny shoats.

always been placed pine end out evenly smooth. There too was a Bible box containing the schoolmaster's French Bible which Daniel the present resident had bought at auction. That's why we're here, Catrina, she heard her husband explain softly. The French language has gone the way of all flesh - to its doom.

Admirably worldly in peering, she was more interested in the Beethoven's living room of seven doors, for goodness' sakes! And the winged chairs, and tiled fireplace above which gleamed chestnut beams. Their cellar kitchen was the center of village social life. She was about to ask if they hesitated at dancing here, when Joseph mentioned the love in residence at this northernmost Peaceful stone, for Johannes M. Low had married a Freer. The Freer house had small casement windows, large marble chimneys, a steep pitched roof, and a windowed attic. From this upper window a lad silhouetted by candlelight leaned on the sill and was wonderfully singing to the top of his lungs. He was eight and his name was Gideon.

Joseph chuckled. He would be a beautiful, he told Catrina. But he may not have chuckled had he known then that in three decades this same Gideon would replace him as choirleader at the church, and with the two music.

Joseph halted the ox before their own place in the darkness. It was hard to make out. Small, certainly. In need of whitewash probably, or it would have appeared more visible in the early dark.

The young pope carried the hooded cradle up the dry rocky flagstone path. The baby in it slept at last. Catrina struggled along behind with the sooty fireplace in one hand, and with a pair of candles and the tinder box in the other. Sylvester brought up the skinny abode.

The candles caught and flared. She knew the house like the palm of her hand. Typically Dutch country. One room, its thick limestone walls plastered, now gray. One batten door of two halves to keep children in and chickens out. Two tiny shuttered windows on strap hinges that had seen better days. Plank floor in need of sanding. An elevated bed niche by the small unadorned fireplace. No kaas; just wooden pegs all around to hang clothes. Up above the peeled ceiling beams, an attic loft; down two steps, a cellar with earthen floor; both scarcely bigger than the flour bins up home. To the side, a frame lean-to scullery for storage.

Solemnly Joseph went outside to take care of the crate of thirsty chickens, and to secure the pigs for the night if enough split railings could be located in the woodpile to repair a temporary holding pen.

There was no need for her to go out to know the exterior of the house. She knew that kind well. Walls of mixed limestone and fieldstone chinked with crumbling mortar as someone had long ago skimped on hair binder. Hand-split pine shingles. A hollowed out log gutter to catch rain water, if the Lord ever let it rain on earth again, and run it down to a wooden barrel to save on the shallow supply ~~of~~ in a hand dug well surely going dry this droughty year.

But she did go out to the cart. To get the birch broom.

Nothing wrong here that a Dutch scrubbing and bucket of whitewash and a good stiff brush couldn't improve. Draw curtains for the bed niche from the linen length Aunt Geesjen gave as a going away present . . . .

With the broom she attacked the worst of the cobsebs, then swept clear the ancient tavern-like table discarded by former inhabitants. She laid the fire; the grains of powder in the flashpan ignited the small wood. Joseph and Sylvester would want supper as soon as the shoats were safe.

Mush and milk, the portent of the future.

The writer of this narrative has experienced this identical street Catrina and Joseph drove that day by ox cart in 1755. I spent a week in New Paltz to do research for this narrative, and frequently strolled this same shaded lane between long sessions at the historical archives.

Now called Huguenot Street, it has been preserved as a National Historic Site. It is known as "The Oldest Street in America with its Original Houses".

Little has been altered, except the square French church of stone demolished in 1773. It has been carefully reconstructed by descendants of the 20th century. Moved 60 feet from the original foundation, it is situated on the south side of the tiny Huguenot burying ground.

But five of the six original stone houses remain virtually unchanged, except for some enlargement here and there since the 1690's to accomodate later descendants who continued to live here for generations. Even some of the furnishings are the originals.

It is awesome to walk quietly on a May day under great old trees but recent by comparison, and enter these same ancient houses and touch their furnishings that knew the sight and touch of your own

people who had arrived here to this village 237 years earlier—
an English schoolmaster and voorleser, with his Dutch wife, both
to occupy and do, to contribute as God willed and as they could
to the growth of what would become the United States of America.

By 1765, two years after the French and Indian War, Catrina Van de Mark Coddington frenchified her Christian name to Catherina. It did not make her one of the French Duzine anymore than did a mixed medley of parlez-vous. She still remained the Dutch huys-vrow of the English schoolmaster of the birchen sceptor.

While her simple cottage may have lacked the charm of the fine stone houses on Huguenot street, it did not want in homeiness or cleanliness which now was on an even par withJoseph's godliness.

The inside and out was whitewashed regularly with vigorous application of stiff brush. The plank floor was often sanded spotless. No cobwebs cluttered her shuttered windows though she had no Negro servant to help with broom and mop as did the fine ladies in town. But neither had she ever been fined 3d by chimmily viewers as did some she could mention by French surname.

Her well scrubbed cupboard held no sugar for baking cookies in the bricked wall oven, for Parliament had imposed a heavy duty on island sugar to help pay the indebtedness on the late French and Indian War, and protesting merchants had boycotted the product. First the Crown took their men off to war, including dear papa and her carpenter uncle who served as rangers scouring the back country; now, it snatched sweetmeats from her babies' mouths. What next?

In her scullery all shone brightly, even down to the iron hoops on the milk pail, filled twice daily to overflowing now their own milch cow joined the herd led by the village cowherd to green pastures.

Their living quarters remained the basic one room, but the unfinished loft floor above had been extended to accomodate the children.

Five more had been gotten in the gaily curtained bed alcove since their arrival to this village on the Wallkill. It took more fish from that little stream, and more suppawn now to supply the wooden trenchers shared pair by pair up and down the schoolmaster's table.

Suppawn, long the staple of the poor as in the days of old -- bits of meat and the season's root vegetables slowly baked in a Dutch oven until crusted over with mush. Not much in the way of variety here, but at least the crust supplied good hardness for the teething babies the good Lord saw fit to send every other year.

And so the little ones came. Often enough to keep the mind perpetually unquiet as to the soul's election, for not even Doctor Domine when he came to urgent call could save all those women brought to bed with sons and daughters.

Their first little boy Joseph died before teeth showed through his swollen gums. His sorrowful papa accompanied the little body to its tiny grave, for only men followed coffins to the burying ground. Little Joseph's had been of green wood; they could afford no other. But the comforting women staying behind at their cottage had offered her wine and funeral cake which she numbly took, but she was warmed by their special kindness on this bleak day.

And Joseph sorrowed not only for his own lost son, but for other infants as well; and indeed for all the ailing. As designated comforter of the sick, his services were widely sought. For was he not authorized to offer prayers and spiritual instructions for preparation for the hour and article of death?

And so with much kindness he performed this ecclesiastical duty in town and out in the countryside. Along with his Bible, a green bottle of some herbal elixer went into his side pocket, for a yellow dock tonic or a hemlock linament and a comforting word went a long way in working wonders for exhausted mothers brought to childbed,

or to lonely rheumatic widowers.

On his comforter rounds he always carried something herbal mixed with alcohol and herbs he himself gathered along the way - a purging wahoo or senna, prickly ash for toothache, burdock for the reins. And frequently he needed to speak a firm word to an overly frugal papa to send at once for Doctor Domine if he wanted to save a child from a sickness more acute than the inexperienced papa recognized.

Catherina's fifth child was named in the dead baby's memory; Joseph jr. now three who happily played at his father's clogs in the locals' garden plots he tended after school.

Before this last Joseph (the writer's ancestor), there had been Sara and Jacob named for his grandfather Jacob Van de Mark up on the Mormel farm. Grandpére (now wasn't that like her, Dutch Catrina, to use French in an unguarded moment?) Jacob Van de Mark seemed to sag around the cowbarns now since his ranger days scouring the country for Indians. She seldom got up to the hills to see the kin anymore, but when she did she always returned with firkens of Mormel butter and cheese not to be had outside those rich Butterfield grazing lands of home. But brothers Ary, Sylvester, John and Joseph were still at the barns to help their graying papa. And with Sarah in the coolhouse, she the oldest daughter of aging parents, took comfort in their filial provision in obedience to the Scriptures.

Her own little Maria was her newest baby teether in the Coddington cottage. Were it not for their firstborn Catrina, now ten and her dearest companion, she would have been at wit's end. Handier than a patch pocket for catching up the odds and ends of all that had to be done between dawn and dark, the growing girl was a great help.

Lacking the strength to man the well sweep, the child fetched pails of water from the overflowing rain barrel under this year's generous spout, and repeatedly filled the hearth kettle to warm wash water for diaper woolens, or the weekly baths. From this same soft water the two little girls old enough to attend their papa's school washed flaxen tresses to the softness of French silk, the only silk to grace this household of a humble schoolmaster.

These little ones feared papa's birchen sceptor less than did other scholars for they knew their papa at home after he laid aside the inkwell bound to his waist at school. But during lessons on the hard recitation bench up front he brooked no foolishness from his own; they had to sit up straight and give attention just like Louis, and Rip and Toon.

The only difference was that being the schoolmaster's children they were exempt from subscription - five shillings per scholar for instruction in High Dutch spelling, reading and writing; the six shilling fee for additional instruction in ciphering, but that was collected mostly from the boys who learned to reckon in Dutch and English money. What did a towheaded girl need to know about business practices? Their mama told them things had come to a pretty pass for Dutch women since the English controlled the marketplaces. Had not one of their Dutch grandmothers of long ago operated her own place of business in the Manhattans?

Except for the oldest, the schoolmaster's children were too young to note they lived less well than did the Duzines. But long ere this Catherina Coddington (for now all called her by the new adoption) knew what her papa Jacob meant when he bellowed in the cowbarn, Go <u>where</u>, on <u>what</u> stipend!"

Joseph's salary she was to learn to her dismay was only a fraction of the real pastor's, and his working hours twice as many, with no Sundays off as Doctor Domine had. Good enough to read a sermon on off Sundays, good enough to be paid for it, was her opinion, spoken only to Joseph. To eke out a living from his voorleser's stipend and schoolmaster's subscriptions, he had to hustle other sums to make ends meet, like wall menders constantly chinking lime daub to hold crumbling things together. Now, keeping books for the deacons, or the Duzine; tomorrow, digging a grave at the Huguenot burying ground.

Well, at least he had never taken in washing or mended shoes like some earlier schoolmasters, but he did tend the gardens of locals, those without Negro servants for a few pence and some fresh vegetables. For those who ordered it, he mixed ink on the blue tile kept in his school desk and sold it. Hasbrouck's store and now the Elting store were good customers,for their mercantile records in daily goods she coveted used up a lot of paper and ink.

Joseph earned a few shillings now and then for extra clerical duties in town record keeping. He frequently had to shamefacedly dun school subscribers for payment, although these same parents cheerfully delivered loads of firewoood as per contract. Split oak from the woods on the Wallkill was more plentiful than pocket change.

Catherina had yet to humbly accept Joseph's oft quoted Psalmist's pious musing: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness". She did not know about that! Sometimes those tents looked mighty enticing when it came to desiring a luxury now and then!

Hands on ample hips in total exasperation, she usually made no comment from pursed lips although he knew full well her sentiments about the difference between rich David on a king's throne, and a poor man perched on a schoolmaster's stool in a dimly lighted French church, for she had heatedly said so. Once.

She did not hurt him again with angry tongue, but now only pointed a silent accusing finger toward the cupboard to cinch her unspoken argument, whereupon Joseph patiently went to find another garden to hoe, or took on picking pippins if some orchardist were shorthanded, to earn an extra pence or two.

He tried, he really did try, but always their table fell short of the Van de Mark's laden board she fondly remembered as a girl. One thing about it, she was less round than her sisters and cousins, and even an old linsey-woolsey became her better than on them. As for a piece of lace to trim a petticoat, or a pretty gown from the local dressmakers, she might as well wish for the jewels of the Queen of Sheba.

But her country kin had been more than kind as they continued to prosper on their considerable holdings across the kill. Abraham had bought some slaves at auction in New York so many his acres for tillage. Their fortnightly Sunday dinner baskets on church grounds usually held an extra for the voorleser's growing table. Sundays divine services were held in New Paltz, noon dinner would be put out between services under summer churchyard trees, or in the winter warming shed. Afterwards, the cousins slipped into the Coddington basket some extra ham, or better yet a cup of scarce sugar obtained Lord knew how, or sometimes a paper twist of spice for mulling cider.

Now if these women cousins had had their say they would have voted better times for their voorleser and clerk's cottage.

The third year here at the French village, the question was raised before the consistory regarding the proper distribution of the annual collection: should it go to the church, the highway, or half to church and half to young clerk Joseph of the growing family? The voters, all male, decided on the first proposition.

The next year Catherina's hopes rose again on a similar proposal. Should the collectorship be given to the clerk, to the poor (as if there was a difference!), or be used to purchase a velvet pall, the fringed black burial cloth to be owned by the church and rented out for twelve shillings to properly wrap a coffin for decent escort to its hole in the ground? The corpses won. A partial payment of 57 shillings went toward the black pall, the doodklied.

The following year the collectorship funds (she breathed no hope this time) went to the bier "to carry the corpse of the dead to the grave". And for a silver communion cup.

Joseph, the designated comforter of the sick, told her not to fret. A proper pall brought great comfort to the bereaved in his care. As for the cup, if it aided grace to the ordinance, so be it.

So in 1761 the Dutch Reformed Church at New Paltz got its silver chalice from which Domine Goetschius served communion. Twice yearly.

While Catherina donned pewter buckled shoes and worn blue gown every Sunday to attend divine services as became the wife of the devout schoolmaster, she did not take communion from this sacred cup. For she held no membership in this New Paltz congregation, or much in the way of grace in her heart either.

A silver chalice to put to her lips, while dull pewter buckles adorned her leather Sunday shoes! Indeed!

Then a change came to Catherina Van de Mark Coddington in the year of our Lord, 1765.

Waves of religious enthusiasm had long been sweeping Dutch communities before 1765 through the revivalist ministry of the Jersey Dutch domines and the Presbyterian "New Lights", the Tennent preachers. Schism between the pietist and traditionalists inevitably followed in their wake.

Simple folk of the frontier elected pietist preachers to serve their needs, for they had come to desire more than the traditional communion cup had offered. The older Dutch settlements of New York, Albany and Kingston, content with traditional orthodoxy, resisted the evangelistic efforts of Frelinghuysen and Goetschius, and of their revivalist students of the parsonage schools, and particularly of their "irregularly" ordained sons who answered the call to the upper Hudson valley pulpits.

As licensed preacher from these "kitchen seminaries", young Henricus Frelinghuysen was summoned to the Marbletown group of country pulpits of the Van de Mark and Rosencrans clans the very year Joseph Coddington married one of the Van de Mark daughters. For more than three years Henricus served well these Mormel cheese and Indian maize people although he lacked full credentials. Neither they nor the Lord seemed to have noticed for his efforts were blessed.

In the autumn of 1757 then, soon after Catherina and Joseph Coddington went to his schoolmaster's appointment in New Paltz, Domine Henricus returned the 70 miles to Hackensack for Coetus ordination. On October 4, he and his good friend and fellow student John Mauri-

tius Goetschius were ordained by the laying on of hands of Domines Dorius and Goetschius, his seminary friend's oldest brother and a leader of the Coetus.

Two weeks later the newly ordained Domine Henricus Frelinghuysen was dead. Of smallpox, the disease that took his two older brothers after their ordination in far away Holland. The Hackensack consistory, meanwhile, had notified Amsterdam by letter of this "irregular" Coetus ordination; it was tantamount of declaring the independence of American preachers from the ecclesiastical control of the Fatherland.

Little wonder that Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan president of the nearby College of New Jersey, urged his divinity students to be vaccinated against the dread disease, and even submitted to the then experimental viccination himself. He too died of the scourge only a few months after Marbletown's young pastor Henricus expired of the same disease.

Young Domine Henricus Frelinghuysen's untimely death left vacant the Ulster country pulpits for eight long years. This is not to say the fervent gospel messages he preached were soon forgotten, or that the fervent experiental piety he promoted declined. For Henricus preached in the same vein as his father and elder brothers and his teachers. He had studied evangelical theology under the tutelage of Pennsylvania's learned Domine Dorsius of Classis good standing despite a pronounced drinking problem, and later under that Domine's Hackensack student, John Henry Goetschius, acknowleged leader of the pietist Coetus faction. This fervent preacher had been ordained by Dorius, William Tennent, and Frelinghuysen, Henricus' revivalist father. They were all proponents of the Great Awakening enthusiasm.

One of the first sermons preached by Henricus' mentor, John Henry Goetschius, was published as the "Unknown God". Based on Paul's sermon to the men of Athens, it was revivalist in temper and directed a severe rebuke to the unregenerate falling short of experiental piety as preached by the revivalists of the Great Awakening, and specifically to the enemies of revivals. Goetschius denounced those "Who live on securely without any serious concern about their immortal souls . . . stiffnecked and hardened persons . . . who will not be moved, neither by the lovely voice of the Gospel nor by the thundering curses of Sinai's law . . . . mocking, despising, caviling Epicureans and opposers of the real and sovereign work of grace, regeneration and conversion, who cannot desist day or night from rejecting and speaking scornfully of experimental knowledge and worship of God . . . ."

This stirred up a placid hornet's nest. It brought on a storm of protest never to end for John Henry. Like Whitefield the British evangelist, he took to open fields and barns to preach his favorite text" Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God", and thinking nothing of offering the Lord's Table in these unhallowed places.

Hackensack summoned him to its pulpit. Even here resistance from a disaffected faction once tried to close its door to him whereupon he buckled a sword on his thigh - literally - which hung low on his short figure, and undaunted entered his pulpit. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! A divine call to the ministry superseded all orthodox traditions! Hear! Hear!

Up in Kingston on the Hudson, formal Domine Mancius of unquestioned academic testimonials was one of the clergy to vigorously oppose Goetschius and the religion of the heart. He called John Henry " a German tramp" from a kitchen seminary. Although Mancius spoke nine

languages, he did not speak the language of this new evangelistic minister. He believed as he himself had been educated in the Fatherland that Dutch traditions should be preserved at all costs.

The elder Frelinghuysen also caught a barrage from Mancius, who went on to score the brother domine for neglecting his own Jersey churches for weeks at a time while trampsing the country rallying support for revivals and trying to be the "voice of God".

Mancius predicted that such "irrational hubbub" would surely lead to separation of the good Dutch kerk in America from the Fatherland.

It turned out he was correct.

Henricus Frelinghuysen's teacher John Henry Goetschius was evangelical to the core. As Domine he preached the doctrine of the new birth, a radical conversion by the Spirit of God, as did his own father Frelinghuysen. They both believed in a spiritual regeneration and necessary for full communion, which also had become the bottom line of some earlier Puritan parsons as well. The Lord's communion was to be offered only to a truly "converted" person.

Down in New Paltz Joseph Coddington mourned the passing of his friend Henricus FRELINGHUYSEN, as he had his brother Jacob earlier, his first Ulster domines and mentors. As voorleser and clerk it remained for Joseph to keep up with the rising tide of developments and the incessant wrangling issuing from schism already straining the New Paltz people. He knew who supported the Coetus faction, and who did not.

At first these factions did not trouble Catherina. Her hands were much too busy with cooking pots to feed a growing family, and battling cobwebs and flaking plaster, and dusting little Dutch breeches when naughty towheads tumbling about her garden clogs pulled up the radishes, to give much thought to whom was precentor and supporter of the true faith once delivered to the saints. If she could just deliver boiled beets or a mess of turnips to her children's wooden trenchers she would be satisfied. Anyway, the distaff side of the linen spinning wheel occupying every home did not elect domines; the men did.

And in 1760 they had invited John Mauritius Goetschius for a trial sermon, the same John Mauritius who had been ordained the same day as Henricus Frelinghuysen now dead of small pox. Both received the laying on of hands of brother John Henry Goetschius. Over in Kingston, Domine Mancius, the founder of the New Paltz Dutch church, seethed, and sought to keep the consistory in the traditionalist fold. Battle lines began to form.

"Doctor Domine" John Mauritus Goetschius was called, for in addition to pulpit preaching he practiced medicine which he had studied in Switzerland. The Dutch women of many babies and many family sicknesses revived interest in practical religion, if not in piety itself. Catherina Coddington was especially interested when she learned, wonder of wonders, that the good domine was also a fine violinist!

But alack and alas! there was to be no frolicking at the Hasbrouck house. This Domine too was as pietist promoting living, as his elder brother, the Coetus leader. But Doctor Domine put the violin to good use the day an insane country patient became violent. Like the harpist David of old, he sweetly played the deranged man under the spell of music until he calmed and his reason returned.

A man like that deserved a listening ear in his pulpit.

Beside pastoring two churches on alternate Sabbaths, this Domine of the little black bag brought healing for 30 miles all around Shawangunk back and forth across the Wallkill. Most huys-vrows knew how to use the herbs the Creator provided in marsh and upland - sassafras for tonic, mullein root in boiled milk for dysentery, but the doctor of physick was much in demand as bone-setter and tooth-drawer, for bleeding and childbed fever.

Shawangunk furnished this domine and his wife with a parsonage and barn, a fine spring and a garden, and land for hired tilling. New Paltz, in turn, provided this pastor only a prophet's chamber, and provender for the sturdy horse bought to accomodate his well fed bulk those Sundays he conducted divine services there. Each of these churches promised him 40 pounds, in good New York gold.

Catherina, for one, did not begrudge him. What comfort to have a man of the cloth who knew emetics and purges, and the dangers in being brought to bed with sons and daughters, of which she had had four, and although she did not know it then, seven others would follow. Physician and preacher in one, how blest could she be!

Coetus, New Paltz and Shawangunk, and Joseph Coddington all approved of this new Domine. He would serve these two congregations for 11 years, and at New Paltz Joseph was his voorleser.

And Catherina herself came under the spell of this Domine's gospel of the religion of the heart, especially after Kingston's orthodox Rev. Mancius' demise two years after the good Doctor was installed at New Paltz. With the opponent of the new birth out of the picture, some of the animosity that had torn the congregation subsided; at least, for awhile.

A man like that deserved a listening ear in his pulpit.

Besides preaching two churches on alternate Sabbaths, this Doctor of the little black bag brought healing for 30 miles all around Shawangunk back and forth across the Wallkill. Most <u>busy-wives</u> knew how to use the herbs the Creator provided in marsh and upland - essentials for tonic, sullein root in boiled milk for dysentery, but the doctor of physick was much in demand as bone-setter and tooth-drawer, for bleeding and childbed fever.

Shawangunk furnished this doctor and his wife with a parsonage and barn, a tilled spring and a garden, and land for hired tilling. New Paltz, in turn, provided this pastor only a prophet's chamber, and provender for the sturdy horse bought to accommodate his well fed bulk these Sundays he conducted divine services there. Each of these churches promised him 50 pounds, in good New York gold.

Catherine, for one, did not begrudge him. What comfort to have a man of the cloth who knew comforts and purges, and the dangers in being brought to bed with sons and daughters, of which she had four, and although she did not know it then, seven others would follow. Physician and preacher in one, how blest could she be!

Doctor, New Paltz and Shawangunk, and Joseph Coddington all approved of this new Doctor. He would serve these two congregations for 11 years, and at New Paltz Joseph was his <u>vestryman</u>.

And Catherine herself came under the spell of this Doctor's gospel of the religion of the heart, especially after Kingston's orthodox Rev. Rondout' denied two years after the good Doctor was installed at New Paltz. With the approach of the new birth out of the pious, some of the acrimony that had torn the congregation subsided; at least, for awhile.

Catherina mourned his passing for she had known him all her life, as Joseph had not. He too was a doctor of medicine, physick of body and soul. Had not this Domine, or the ancient Vas whose assistant he was, baptized the Van de Marks, strictly in compliance with the Synod of Dort? Had not his Kingston kerk the winter of '53 published her marriage banns? Then had not she and Joseph been married in exactly the same way four generations of her colonial ancestors had been, in the Holland way?

Over at Elting's store on a warm September ~~evening~~ where men met of evenings to smoke a pipe and catch up on the news, Joseph had read the English Gazette the post brought up from New York to the effect that on Monday last, after a tedious illness, Rev. Mancius had gone on to receive his reward for faithful service to the Dutch Reformed up and down the Hudson, into the hinterland valleys of the Wallkill and Rondout, and even down into New Jersey. He was limned as a domine of universal esteem, remarkable for his piety and Christianity, "a gentleman distinguished for the brightness of his parts, having a sound judgment and many accomplishments that rendered him a pattern worthy of imitation".

He left behind a sorrowing wife and children, some indulged slaves, and a heritage as indefatigable church organizer in the old tradition of the Fatherland's ecclesiastical Classis of Amsterdam. To them he was faithful.

July 6, 1765 and in the fifth year of Doctor Domine's pastorate, Catherina brought the five scrubbed children down to the church soon as Joseph sounded the conch shell from the cupola announcing divine services. She left the children with Beviers' Negro servants under the trees setting up their plank trestles for the gingerbread and root and malt beer to be sold to church goers between services.

Two of Abraham Bevier's daughters were to be installed as members "upon confession of faith" that very morning, as she herself would be.

She put her girls in charge of the little ones for soon other yellow-stockinged children would join them in play on a grassy area for quiet games as befitted the Sabbath. Her sons were not yet old enough to join the big boys hanging around the first horse rigs tying up to the posts at the warming shed, a Sunday pastime most youth engaged in whether the pews were filled or not.

Today, however, the church would be overflowing, for Domine was to offer the Lord's Communion which he did only twice yearly, and the right hand of fellowship to the regenerate. Pews would be occupied by partakers and joiners in for the day from far and near.

On the women's side she found her pew. Joseph moved quietly up front with the elders and deacons preparing the bread and wine for the sacrament.

Folding worn hands in an unaproned lap, she composed herself with fixed mind to contemplate the goodness of God and His never ending mercy. She was scarcely aware of the worshippers finding their pews, some won through the dispute that comes with rank and privilege; some cheap, because they were far back; one free, for the indigent. None for the colored.

How much had transpired in her spiritual life since Doctor Domine last presented the cup to those in full communion, which had not included her. In order to make room in the small church that day for those who truly belonged to the Lord's elect, she made her way with the other unconverted huys-vrows to the warming shed to spread out the basket dinners in the autumn chill.

For a fleeting moment she now recalled the spicy aroma of new applebutter Marie set out in a china dish. Everybody had new applebutter but not everybody had a china dish as fine as Marie's.

Recapturing wandering thoughts, Catherina now relived those dreary days of winter last when in the privacy of her own cottage, with the older children in school and the others napping in cradle and trundlebed, she had been unaccountably seized with a sudden conviction for sin. Pricked to the very heart of hearts with a dreadful sense of sin. The innate nature corrupting the unregenerate soul. What message had she recently heard from the pulpit to bring that on?

Wait! Had she not always lived a life of moral goodness as became the wife of a devout schoolmaster? Well, falling short in temper now and then. When the well laid fire failed to catch the first time. Or the setting hen refused to set, and she busier than a fish merchant with a fresh catch in. Or being greeneyed with envy over the Duzines' fashionable gowns from the dressmakers, and of their heirloom lace and jewels from old France.

But had not her religious observances of Christmas and Paas helped at all? Did not her sporadic attempts at righteousness count for a little something? Were they all rags of self-righteousness as the Domine preached from his pulpit?

Over flaming hearth and bake oven, the Spirit of God had opened her eyes to her spiritually dead condition despite the safety net of her infant baptism in the deep of that cold winter of 1734 from Domine Mancius' own doop-becken.

That anyone could transmit godliness to offspring she herself had come to doubt now that small naughtinesses were cropping up in her own little brood; not an angel wing among them, she had to confess. Whatever her own mother had meant when calling her grandmother The Flying Angel could not have referred to inherited haloes.

Stricken in soul to its ugly depths, she had bowed head on the table and wept. What must I do then to be saved? It was the identical cry of the trembling Phillipian jailor of Acts. What was it Paul and Silas told him? She hesitated to ask Joseph when he gloomily sat down that night to an indifferent supper of warmed over suppawn.

Alarmed all the next day, a snowy one, about her spiritual condition, she prayed her own simple utterances in an agony of distress. Even in the cold scullery skimming yesterday's milk of its cream for butter making, she prayed the sinner's PRAYER of repentance, over and over. If the iron hoops on the milk pail had missed daily scouring before hanging it on its wall peg, she was too miserable to notice, so great the uncleanness of her very soul.

Not even IN knitting yellow stockings beside the comfort of the afternoon hearth while the children napped was there comfort of soul.

Then faith began to take hold, a living faith in a living Christ of mercy and love.

The sudden touch of divine grace brought an immediate warmth, one not generated by the crackling blaze she had heaped with fresh logs. It burned within, strangely . . . .

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The sudden touch of divine grace brought an immediate warmth, one not generated by the crackling blaze she had heaped with fresh logs. It burned within, strongly . . .

When Joseph came home to a decent supper, he saw her shining face and thought the post had brought down some good news from up home.

In a manner of speaking, yes.

After the children were tucked under feather coverlets for the night, she told him in excited phrases tumbling end over end like ears of corn vigorously shaken in the harvest basket, as she went about setting the emptins for tomorrow's baking.

He seemed to know the experience, and the right words.

Yes, he knew about sudden divine visitations of grace; his own conversion though had been more gradual, and definitely quieter. Yes, this was what the Jersey domines of his youth meant when they preached that a reborn person should know the time and the place of their conversion, and yes, to be able to describe it as she had done in her EXCITED Dutch way. Yes, this is what their own Doctor Domine meant by experiential religion of the heart . . . .

She thought he wearied of her testimony for he climbed the loft ladder to look on, she supposed, the sleeping boys, for little Jacob seemed to suffer from a fever at supper and did not finish his bowl of mush and milk. But she heard him creak open the old chest of books brought from Jersey. He backed down bringing a yellowing sheaf of rolled papers. Published sermons in English, he said.

He prodded up a flame and by its better light scanned one of Jonathan Edward's tracts. He commenced to read aloud: "the soul was swallowed up in a king of glow of Christ's love coming down as a constant stream of sweet light . . . ."

At last he rolled up the paper. This Puritan divine penned in my father's time theee words about his wife Sarah, the mistress of the Northampton manse. You know, Catrina, the President of Princeton, just after Domine Henricus Frelinghuysen died of small pox, as did Edwards.

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He prodded up a flame and by its better light scanned one of Jonathan Edward's tracts. He commenced to read aloud: "The soul was swallowed up in a kind of glow of Christ's love coming down as a constant stream of sweet light . . . ."

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Oh yes, she remembered that. She glowed in the chair by the fireplace, full of unspeakable light and joy. And rested in soul and spirit. And was unaccountably quiet.

Joseph unrolled a sermon long since published in Newark by Princeton's first President, Jonathan Dickinson. Silently he purused the text and seemed to enjoy the English words, so tuned now he was to Dutch reading, and even thinking. At length he turned again to her resting in soul rest, at ease in spirit. Dickinson preaches here about the divine visitation of assurance, the witness of the Spirit with your spirit concerning adoption to the family of God through Christ Jesus.

I know, Joseph. I would not thank even an angel to tell me, for I have received a witness of God's grace in my heart.

Not even the angel Jacob wrestled with at Jabbok?

She recalled little about this Biblical Jacob, but when Joseph reviewed the Genesis account, she saw she too would leave her place of wrestling with God, marked for life. A change had come.

And so it had. Her life now was characterized by love to God and to His children, as Dickinson wrote. Gone the bitterness over their poverty, the inordinate desire for French lace to adorn, the coldness of her spirit to the Duzines, although she had been friendly enough with their dusky servants, some of whom seemed warm-hearted Christians themselves.

Yes, and had not her cousins across the kill also experienced a sound conversion before they joined church on"confession of faith". The twins Leah and Rachel had especially been clear on that point when she confided with them over crullers and hot chocolate at the warming shed the following Sunday. She told them then she would

transfer her certificate to this local congregation. And now today was the day.

Arising from the seat beneath the pulpit, Joseph Coddington began the service. As voorleser he read a passage from the Scriptures. Then he named the psalm. As chorister he tuned the psalm, intentionally flattened for the traditional manner of singing, and lined it phrase by phrase; I was glad when they said unto me . . . . Let us go into the house of the Lord . . . .

During this drawn out singing, Doctor Domine arrived. Entering from the outside door, he made an imposing figure in black silk mantle. He bowed solemnly to those nearest in the pews, including the flushed young mothers of new babies to be baptized that day. He shook hands with the elders and the deacons on their dignified benches up front. He nodded to Joseph.

At the foot of the pulpit, he knelt a few minutes with face covered by black cocked hat and prayed silently. Then he ascended the pulpit for the invocation.

Joseph standing humbly below then read in his best schoolmaster's voice, the Ten Commandments and the 12 Articles of Faith.

Another psalm followed sung in the same flat melancholy chant, one which had fallen strangely on the German ears of one Rev. Muhlenberg, the Lutheran pietist from Philadelphia when he heard it upon visiting Dutch kerks in Ulster. He lamented then at their wretched "bawling out" the psalms in every willy-nilly tune.

No doubt that the Germans could sing. Catherina had heard their melodious wonder at a barn meeting opened across the kill to visiting German pietists who preached the dangerous doctrine of a living faith

in Jesus Christ. And those High Dutch over there sang like Christ indeed had risen! But here in this Low Dutch kerk they held to the slow traditional lining of psalms, and not only restive boys were mightily relieved that the 119th had not been selected for lining, so were the others for all wanted to get back home to evening chores before dark.

While the deacons took up the collection in muffled cloth bags, Joseph notified the Domine of today's baptismal candidates, writing their christening names on a slip of paper in his fine penmanship, and sending it up to his reverence on the end of his split-rod. Also went up ... numerous requests for prayer received from the congregation on other slips.

He then set the hourglass in full view of the minister. Should the sermon extend more than a full hour, he would conspicuously turn the glass over to remind Doctor Domine the sands of time had run out.

But the smokers on the men's side never got through two pipes, for this Domine seldom used up an hour's worth of sands. Joseph had yet to smartly rap the pulpit three times with the split rod to warn this preacher to end his sermon as he had some visiting clergy, for J. Mauritius lacked the preaching brilliance and endurance of his older brother John Henry Goetschius, the dauntless sword buckler in his pulpit down in Hackensack. But few held this against him, for Mauritius was known to be a better physician than preacher, yet he enjoyed clerical respect all the same.

Came the long prayer, and in that one-half hour the petitioners' prayers were mentioned one by one. After the Lord's Prayer recited only by Doctor Domine, the two sleeping infants were brought up by their papas to receive the cold droplets from the doop-becken, full in their tiny faces smoothed considerably since Doctor Domine delivered them himself within the fortnight. He warmed to them as though he

In Jesus Christ. And those High Dutch over there sang like Christ indeed had risen! But here in this Low Dutch <u>kerk</u> they held to the slow traditional lining of psalms, and not only treatise boys were slightly ashamed that the organ had not been selected for lining, so were the others for all wanted to get back home to evening chores before dark.

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had not seen them earlier fresh from the womb, red and yowling.

And now the moment Catherina Coddington waited for - being received into the membership of this body of Christ, upon transfer of certificate and confession of faith.

She probably was unaware that in the day of her great grandmother, The Flying Angel, upon joining Blom's old Wildwyck kerk 104 years earlier, that "confession of faith" meant then only mere ascent to the Belgic Confession and the articles of the Heidelberg Catechism.

But she knew what it meant today, in pietist New Paltz in 1765. It embraced these surely, but much more. Now it meant a profound conversion experience of God's transforming power, and that her reconciliation with God had been attested to by an assurance of the Spirit of God with her spirit. And it meant the ring of a convincing testimony to the congregation which extended its hand of fellowship.

On this day for the first time Catherina Coddington, the English schoolmaster's Dutch spouse and mother of his five children, received the Lord's Communion from the silver cup this New Paltz church had used now for five years past.

Standing at the altar with the Bevier sisters, all clad in the black dress required for this august occasion, and with her pewter buckles showing on her slippers beneath, Catherina, receiving the sacrament from a Duzine elder, brought the silver chalice to her lips.

There was no rancor in her heart.

You are history. Here to occupy and do; good if you can.

GUIDANCE continued Sun. March 28, 93

All day I visualized the intricacy of blending genealogical material with ~~hardcore historical data~~ hard core history into ~~the~~ a form needed for an appealing Book.

I somehow persistantly perceived the problem as consisting of two separate heaps of yarns of two colors, and so weaving these strands into a pleasing pattern on a loom as I had seen Navajo weavers do.

In the evening I scanned Scriptures for a "leading", if indeed the the Bible said any thing at all about "weaving."

I located and read about the non-spinning lilies of the field, the seamless robe, the productive loom of the virtuous woman in Proverbs, the prostituted loom of the not-so virtuous Deliah in Judges.

Then much to my amazement I discovered the last few chapters of Exodus had much to say about weaving and weavers. Idly thumbing through the passages I ~~that~~ wondered that so much space had been devoted to what at first appeared to be wilderness tabernacle minutae, and that endlessly repeated.

Nevertheless I read and learned some amazing information — some of which appeared relevant and applicable to the "weaving" problem I had been ~~perceiving~~ mulling throughout the day.

WILDERNESS TABERNACLE Ex. 26 - 40.

Scanned and interpreted from the New KJV:—

10 curtains woven of fine linen thread, with blue, purple and scarlet yarn, with artistic designs of cherubim you shall weave them.. . a veil woven of blue, purple and scarlet yarn and fine linen thread... artistic. A screen (same colors of B,P,S) made by a weaver. . . . For Aaron, a skillfully woven tunic, a turban and a sash. . .an ephod... intricately woven band of gold, BPS of fine linen thread . . .breastplate artistically woven Of BPS. . . a robe, blue, with woven binding so it does not tear. . . skillfully weave the tunic of fine linen thread, and a sash of woven work. . . and hats, for glory and beauty.

(OVER)

NOTE:
GOD'S →
Purpose for the product, to be used in His service
Attention to details
Demand for excellence in workmanship
Delight in creativity, art and beauty
Urgence of the free-will offerings

THE PLAN: →
Submit the material in free-will offerings
Maintain a proper attitude of willingness, from a stirred heart
Recognize the Source of being gifted, i.e., the Spirit of God
who gives wisdom, understanding, knowledge and skill.

THE OUTCOME:
They did it!

linen trousers . . . the garments of the ministry . . . the holy garments of his sons, to minister as priests.

Whoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it as an offering to the Lord . . . BPS yarn, fine linen thread, goat's hair. . . . All who are skillful among you shall come and make all that the Lord has commanded . . . the garments of ministry, for ministering in the holy place. . . . Then everyone came whose heart was stirred, and everyone whose spirit was willing, and they brought the Lord's offering for the work. . . . They came, both men and women, as many as had a willing heart and brought . . . All the women who were gifted artisans spun yarn with their hands, and brought what they had spun, of BPS, fine linen . . . And all the women whose hearts stirred with wisdom spun yarn of goat's hair. . . The children of Israel brought a free-will offering to the Lord, all the men and women whose hearts were willing to bring material for all kinds of work which the Lord . . . had commanded to be done.

See, the Lord has called by name Bezaleel. . . He has filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and understaning, in knowlege and all manner of workmanship, to design artistic works. . . and of Aholiab. And he hasput in his heart the ability to teach . . . He has them with ~~sk~~ skill to do all manner of work. . . of the designer and the tapestry maker, In BPS and fine linen, and of the weaver __ those who do every work and those who design artistic works.

And Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every~~gg~~ gifted artisan in whom the Lord has put wisdom and understanding, to know how to ~~xixx~~ do all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, shall do according to all that the Lord has commanded. Then Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and ever gifted artisan in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom, everyone whose heart was stirred, to come and do the work.

Aholiab of the tribe of Dan, an engraver and designer, a weaver in BPS yarn, and fine linen thread . . . made the holy garments, as the Lord had commanded Moses . . . artistic design. . intricately woven . . artistically woven. . . equisite hats . . .

Then Moses looked over all the work, and indeed they had done it; as the Lord commanded, just so they had done it. . . holy garments on Aaron. . . tunics on his sons. . . anoint them . . . that they may minister to Me.

OUTLINE: GOD USES ARTISANS: Aholiab, the Danite Weaver

I. The order given to Moses, *the Law giver*
   A. Of fine linen fabric of blue, purple, and scarlet the following itmms: wall curtains, veil, door screen, holy garments.
   B. Worker qualifications;- skillful, gifted, willing in heart and spirit, to work, stirred in heart to bring materials, and bring what you have as a free-will offering to the Lord.
   C. Specifically wanted - artistically designed, skillfully, intricately artistically woven products, equisite in quality
   D. Purpose - for the service of the sanctuary, for glory and beauty, and as a ministry to Me.

II. The order delivered by Aholiab, the weaver.
   A. A gifted weaver filled with the Spirit of God, and with wisdome and understading, knowledge and skill *made* ----
   B. Indeed he did this as the Lord commanded.

linen trousers . . . the garments of the ministry . . . the holy garments of his sons, to minister as priests.

Whoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it as an offering to the Lord . . . BPS yarn, fine linen thread, goat's hair. . . . All who are skillful among you shall come and make all that the Lord has commanded . . . the garments of ministry, for ministering in the holy place. . . . Then everyone came whose heart was stirred, and everyone whose spirit was willing, and they brought the Lord's offering for the work. . . . They came, both men and women, as many as had a willing heart and brought . . . All the women who were skilled artisans spun yarn with their hands, and brought what they had spun, of BPS, fine linen . . . And all the women whose hearts stirred with wisdom spun yarn of goat's hair. . . . The children of Israel brought a free-will offering to the Lord, all the men and women whose hearts were willing to bring material for all kinds of work which the Lord . . . had commanded to be done.

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   A. Gifted weaver filled with the Spirit of God, and with wisdom and understanding, knowledge and skill [illegible]
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